HARPER'S WEEKLY.
A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

VOL. IX.—No. 430.] NEW YORK, SATURDAY, MARCH 25, 1865. [SINGLE COPIES TEN CENTS.
$4,00 PER YEAR IN ADVANCE.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1865, by Harper & Brothers, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.

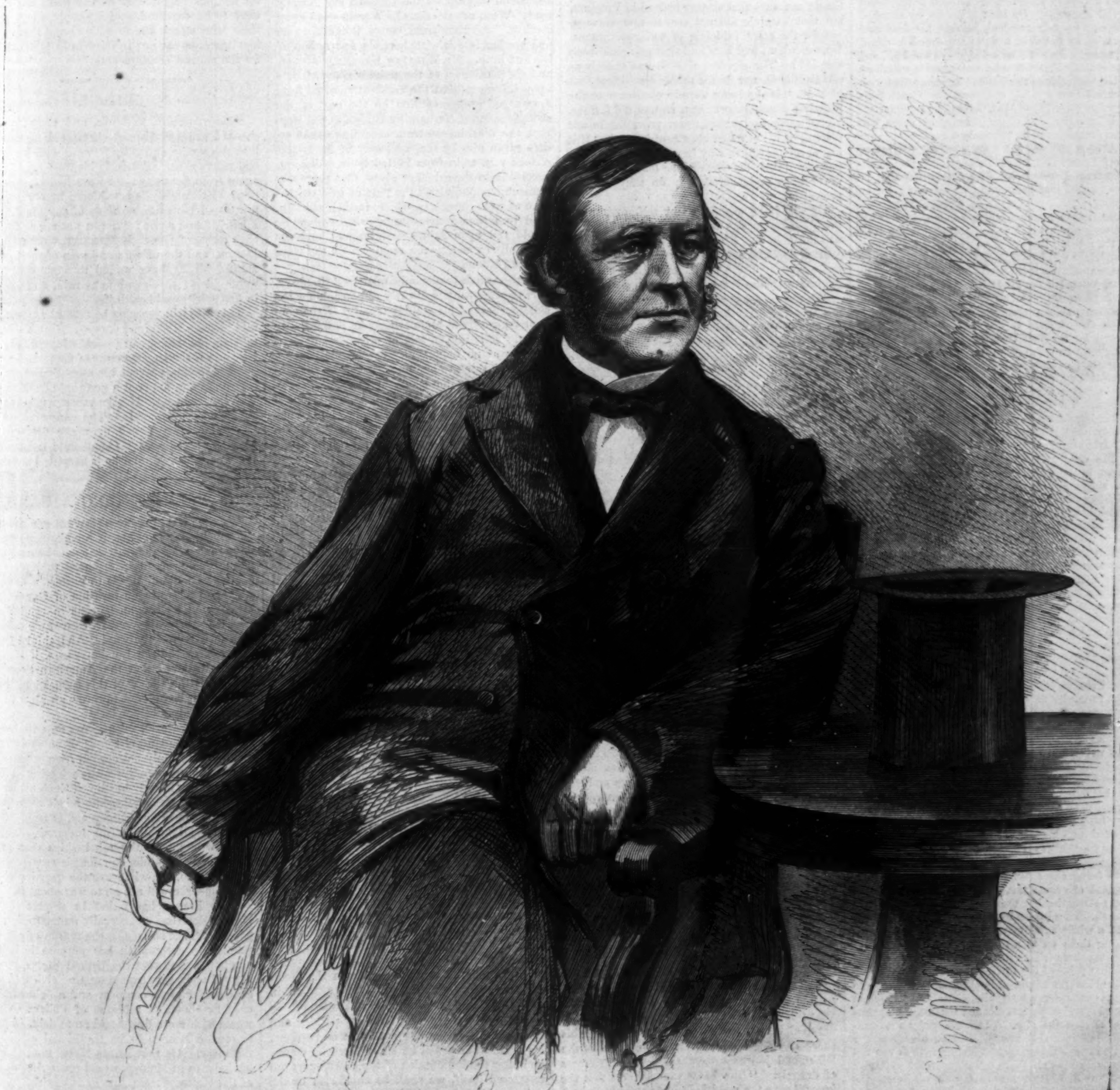
THE TRIUMPH IN NEW YORK.

THE grand triumph in New York on the 6th of March, after a weak fashion, reminds the scholar of those splendid triumphs which frequently glorified the streets of Imperial Rome on the occasion of a great victory or series of victories. There were some important differences, however. Those triumphs were graced with the presence of the returning conqueror: but our GRANT and SHERMAN, after many important successes, are still in the field awaiting the consummation of the nation's triumph. The triumphs of ancient Rome were made glorious not alone by the trophies and spoils of war, but also, and mainly, by the spectacle of conquered generals borne as captives in the great procession: we displayed many trophies, but we are not at war with distant provinces, but, unhappily, with our own brothers, whom we prefer to meet on equal terms and as brothers still—not as the victor meets the vanquished. So far there is nothing unfavorable in the comparison. But we very much doubt if a Roman triumph was ever degraded by mercenary tradesmen, whose chief object in participating in the festival was the opportunity to advertise their wares.

In one respect—and that the most important of all—the gala-day in New York excelled all ancient triumphs. It was the people's festival. Our victories have all been gained in the interest of the people, and it was fitting that a million of hearts and faces should have responded to the demands of the occasion. The vast concourse of people thronging the streets and literally crowding every window and balcony along the long line of the procession, was the great feature of the day. It appears to us that the triumph was timely; it revived the patriotic pledges which New York city gave four years ago, that at whatever cost of blood or treasure the Union must be preserved; and it was a foretaste of the happier, because completer, triumph that can not be far distant.

HON. HUGH M'CULLOUGH, SECRETARY OF THE TREASURY.

HUGH M'CULLOUGH, appointed Secretary of the Treasury in place of WILLIAM PITT FESSENDEN, who resumes his seat in the Senate, is a native of Maine, though he has since 1833 resided in Indiana. Mr. M'CULLOUGH received his collegiate education at Bowdoin College, and then became a lawyer. In the spring of 1833 he settled at Fort Wayne, in Indiana, and two years afterward began his financial career as a banker. When the Indiana State bank was organized in 1855 he became its President, and remained in that position until May, 1863, when he was appointed Controller of the Currency at Washington. His politics had been those of the Whig party. His sentiments are in perfect accord with the Administration, and from the first indications that he has given of the policy which he intends to adopt as Treasurer we prognosticate for him a successful career. Upon the supposition of an early close of the war, Mr. M'CULLOUGH is probably the most competent man who could have been selected. Even should the war be prolonged he possesses rare qualifications for the office.



HON. HUGH M'CULLOUGH, SECRETARY OF THE TREASURY.—[PHOTOGRAPHED BY GARDNER, WASHINGTON, D. C.]

THE DARK ICONOCLAST.

[When Charleston was occupied by our troops the bust of John C. Calhoun, in the office of the *Mercury*, was dashed to the ground and broken by a female slave.]

What though a prophet had pronounced the word,
With solemn warnings, in the years gone by,
Ere death had closed the grave Calhoun's stern eye,
While yet in Senate halls his voice was heard
Uplifted in defense of that great Wrong—
That ancient curse whose cruel gyves and yokes,
Inhuman brands and harsh inflicted strokes,
Have stained the honor of our land so long—
And had declared the time would soon come round
When one of that oppressed and servile race
Should lift the statesman's image from its place,
And dash it into fragments on the ground—
Who would have heeded had the words been spoken?
And yet to-day his sculptured bust lies broken.

THE MILITARY SITUATION.

It was on the 18th of February that General Sherman took Columbia. Beauregard, who had just left that point, placed his army so as to cover the approach to Charlotte, deeming that line of greater importance to the safety of Richmond. Sherman, while making a strong feint in Beauregard's front, moved his main column to Camden and Florence. Intelligence which is thought to be trust-worthy makes it evident that Sherman was, on the 1st of March, some miles north of Florence, at Cheraw, on the North Carolina border. In that case he is apparently aiming at Raleigh. There are two columns co-operating with his advance in that direction—Terry's from Wilmington and Schofield's from Newbern. A dispatch from General Lee to the rebel Secretary of War indicates that Schofield's column, on the 8th, encountered the combined forces of Hill and Hoke, under General Bragg, near Kinston. A battle was fought, in which Schofield was driven back, after having "disputed the ground obstinately," with a loss of three guns and a portion of his skirmish line taken prisoners. Kinston is 20 miles east of Goldsborough. On the 9th the enemy attacked and was severely repulsed, leaving his dead and wounded on the field, and losing several hundred prisoners. Bragg attacked again on the 10th, and was so badly beaten that he was forced to withdraw to the north side of the Neuse. In connection with General Schofield's command the illustrations given on page 181 of that General's head-quarters at Wilmington, and of the badge of his corps, will have great interest to our readers.

A dispatch received from General Sherman, dated Laurel Hill, North Carolina (30 miles southwest from Fayetteville), March 8, states that he had reached that point, and that all was going on finely.

Sherman's march northward from Columbia has not been rapid, which is probably due to the state of the roads. But the slower his march the more completely will he exhaust the country of food and forage absolutely indispensable to Lee's army. The rebel journals have lately charged Sherman with having burned Columbia. Now, it is certainly true that the public property was burned, but if any thing else suffered it was by accident. This is proved by the fact that the houses of Generals Hampton and Preston are left standing. The Augusta *Constitutionalist*, a rebel organ, says that "few, if any, private residences were entered. If any outrages were committed on ladies it is not known. The enemy were under strict discipline and orders during their march.... They marched as if they had just started on their expedition, instead of having been out for weeks."

The victory of Sheridan over Early's command, in the Valley, has been confirmed except in the single fact of the capture of Early himself. Eight cannon were captured, and 1300 prisoners, which have been sent to Washington. The battle took place near Waynesborough, probably on the 1st of March. Sheridan's army, after the battle at Waynesborough, moved to Charlottesville, which was surrendered without a fight; and, after two days' halt at this place, until the ammunition and pontoon trains should come up, moved in two divisions southward toward the James. The route taken by these separate columns may be traced on the map which we give on page 179. One division, under General Deven, took a directly southern route to Scottsville, destroying all mills, merchandise, and bridges on the line of march, and along the Rivanna River to Columbia. The other division proceeded down on the railroad to Lynchburg, destroying it as far as to Amherst—a distance of over 40 miles. From Scottsville Deven's division proceeded westward along the banks of the James, destroying every lock on the canal as far as to Duguldsville, 20 miles from Lynchburg. Sheridan dates his dispatch from Columbia on the 10th. Up to that date he had captured 14 guns. We give on page 185 an illustration of this new "ride" of Phil Sheridan's across the creeks of the Valley. He started from Winchester on the 27th of February.

In the Southwest Mobile is the prominent centre of interest. The rumors to the effect that that city was being evacuated were so far unfounded that, instead of evacuating, the rebels have for weeks been strengthening the position against a Federal attack. The citizens have been summoned to arms, and a whole batch of rebel generals have been inciting them on to a gallant defense of the city. Among these is Beauregard, who is ever present at that point of the Confederacy which is slipping out of Davis's hands. Like Bragg, he has come to be recognized as a "signal of distress." There are two Federal corps, Smith's and Granger's, operating against the city. These are under the command of General Canby. Pascagoula is the proper base for operations against Mobile. It is not improbable, after all, that upon the approach of Canby—who will, of course, hold every line of retreat—the garrison defending the city will follow the example of Hardee at Savannah and Charleston, and march out while there is an opportunity.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

Saturday, March 25, 1865.

THE LAST MASK GONE.

Mr. Hunter's argument in the rebel Senate is unanswerable. It leaves the rebellion utterly without the shadow of pretense. We seceded from the Federal Government, he says, because it threatened to touch slavery; and now we propose to allow the Confederate Government to meddle with it. The arming and emancipation of the slaves, therefore, is, he contends, an abandonment of the contest. In other words—although Mr. Hunter did not put it in that form—we seceded to save slavery, and now we abolish slavery to save secession.

The argument of his speech upon the grounds of the rebellion is indeed unanswerable, but the tone of it is humiliating for any intelligent human being. To vote for the bill, he says, is to abandon the principle of the contest, and to make the losses of the war mere murders. It is natural to suppose, therefore, that Mr. Hunter will save his consistency and honor by resigning. Certainly the "honor" of a Virginian "gentleman" will not suffer him to be made the tool of traitors to a cause which he professes to regard as sacred. If the holy cause is to be abandoned, he will say, find some one else to do it. Not at all. This Virginian "gentleman" is "instructed" to betray his country, as he conceives, and he makes a wry face and obeys.

This is the kind of person who, for thirty years past, has been lecturing this country upon "honor." This is a specimen of the "gentlemen" bred in the school of John C. Calhoun.

The Richmond *Enquirer*, commenting upon the debate, says that slavery is dead in Virginia, but that Virginia did not arm to save slavery, but for the great principle of self-government. Where, when, and how had that principle been assailed? The election of 1860 was exactly as constitutional, nor do the rebels deny it, as that of 1856. If the latter were in obedience to the principle of self-government, so was the former. Either the principle has never prevailed in our system, or it has never been contravened. If it has never prevailed, why have its hot advocates postponed their defense of it so long? If it has never been endangered, why do they fight to protect it?

Or will it be urged that by self-government the *Enquirer* means State sovereignty? That will not help it. For two days before the same journal declared that State sovereignty had been the weakness of the cause, and was as defective in practice as it was pretty in theory.

We expose these contradictions and absurdities that the utter hollowness of every pretense of this rebellion may be understood. The London *Saturday Review*, which has been from the first as unscrupulous as the Richmond papers, and much more cunning than the London *Times* in pleading the cause of the rebels, now declares, in their dire extremity:

> "The promoters of Secession were as blind as the last of the Stuarts; but the parallel holds no farther. Instead of tamely recoiling in the face of unexpected resistance, they have, to the utmost of their material power, made good by their valor and fortitude the miscalculations of their policy; and they have substituted for the fanciful or trivial grievances which formed the original pretext of their quarrel a practical assertion of the right of a great and heroic community to form an independent nation."

That is to say, the *Saturday Review* holds that any body of citizens may rise in bloody insurrection against their government without any reason whatever; and that is the inevitable logic of any serious defense of this rebellion. American statesmen and the best English have always held that, after long and hopeless oppression, when all legal redress has failed and obviously must continue to fail, then, after due deliberation and a solemn declaration before God and man of the terrible necessity forced upon them, an oppressed people may vindicate by arms the acknowledged rights which laws neither defend nor promise to defend. This is the right of revolution according to the gravest and best of men.

On the other hand, that a body of citizens may, upon "fanciful and trivial grievances," plunge a whole nation into the horrors and sorrow of civil war for the sake of preserving the system of human slavery, is, according to the London *Saturday Review*, "a practical assertion of the right of a great and heroic community to form an independent nation!"

To such wretched folly are those reduced who undertake gravely to defend the most causeless and infamous rebellion in history.

SHERMAN.

The mystery of Sherman's march was imposing. Yet the silence of the rebels was most expressive. If they made eager haste to publish such stories as that of Bragg's victory and of Wade Hampton's victory, did they not see that not to claim Sherman's defeat was to concede his success? The winks and shrugs and hints of the Richmond journals were simply the grimaces of despair. "She knew that I knew that she knew," says the good lady in Cranford, and we know that the rebels know that we know that Sherman's march is as yet unimpeded.

"It is the flying of a bird through the air;" "it is a huge raid;" "the country closes up behind him;" "he is marching to his doom:" these and other things like them were all the rebel journals had to say. Did they really suppose that bluster in Richmond would stop Sherman in Carolina? Did they imagine that railing and roaring, or sneering and snuffling were valuable allies against such a man? "He has yet to prove himself a soldier," they cried. Would they not have consulted their own honor by admitting that a man who could march from Chattanooga to Richmond by the way of Atlanta, Savannah, and South and North Carolina, shaking the "Confederacy" at every step, might have some military talent?

War is uncertain. We constantly remember it and remind our readers of it. But if Sherman joins Grant, will it be conceded that he has done any thing? If Richmond is evacuated and Davis flies, will Sherman's march still be a huge raid? If this campaign shall end the substantial military effort of the rebellion, will Grant still be only a butcher, and will Sherman yet have to prove himself a soldier?

When a rebellion is reduced to frantic rhetoric it will soon spend its last breath.

DEATH ON THE RAIL.

The universal railway slaughter which is now taking place in this country gives occasion for a striking illustration of the pusillanimity of the American people. There is no other country in the world where such frightful daily massacres would be tolerated. But we content ourselves with a joke and a shrug, and a coroner's jury which "fully exonerates the employés on the train from all blame."

This is the verdict upon the recent wanton and awful disaster on the Camden and Amboy road. What are the facts? A train stops upon a curve. Another train comes thundering on and crashes into it with horrible destruction of life and limb. Mr. William Earley, Coroner, and six gentlemen of the neighborhood, thereupon inform us that the accident resulted from a want of proper caution on the part of the switch-tender at Neshaminy Bridge in not stopping the Washington train according to the orders given him by the conductor of the twelve o'clock P.M. train from Philadelphia, believing, according to the evidence given, that there was a misunderstanding on the part of said switchman as to those orders, which, in their opinion, tend to mitigate the censure which otherwise would fall upon said switch-tender; and the jury fully exonerate the employés on the train from all blame.

If the switch-tender misunderstood simple orders the Company is directly responsible for the consequences of his stupidity. But if the conductor gave them blunderingly he is the guilty agent. It is idle to talk of misunderstanding. There was no opportunity for misunderstanding. The thing to be done was to stop the other train or to switch it off; and as the conductor is by position the higher officer, the conductor of the 12 P.M. train from Philadelphia must be held responsible for not stopping the Washington train, and for the frightful results of not stopping it.

And so thoroughly subjected are the people of New Jersey by the great Camden and Amboy monopoly that they must not be surprised if such a verdict is generally regarded as an attempt to shield that monopoly from public indignation. Every citizen of New Jersey, in a matter which concerns the Camden and Amboy Railroad, is liable to suspicion until the State emancipates itself from its control. How many influential newspapers in New Jersey dare to expose the acts of that monopoly? How many leading lawyers accept briefs against it? How many men in public life hope to rise in face of its enmity? We know nothing of Mr. William Earley, Coroner, nor do we insinuate a suspicion of his perfect rectitude; but as he is a Jerseyman, living in the vicinity of the Camden and Amboy Railroad, and heads such a dainty verdict, it is impossible to help wondering whether the worthy Mr. Earley has, or has had, or hopes to have, any advantageous relations with that Company.

We speak of the Camden and Amboy accident, but the air hums with disaster upon every side. Remedies are easy if Legislatures were honest. In the State of New York, for instance, the Legislature should make every train come to a full stop at every draw-bridge. It should compel the renewal of the rails at certain periods. It should have the roads constantly inspected by experts paid by the State. It should enforce a heavy fine from every Company for every accident which could not be satisfactorily proved beyond human control. By thus squeezing the pocket of every Company in the State, the Legislature would keep every railroad in good repair and save hundreds of lives.

But unless the people move by petition and besiege the Legislatures nothing will be done. Men and women will be slaughtered by scores, and after the indignation of the newspapers has expressed itself, we shall be comforted by the polite verdict that nobody was to blame, with a mild implication of censure upon the foolish brittleness of the public neck.

SHERMAN'S PEN.

On the 12th of last September General Sherman wrote to the Mayor of Atlanta: "War is cruelty and you can not refine it, and those who brought war on our country deserve all the curses and maledictions a people can pour out....... Once admit the Union, once more acknowledge the authority of the national Government, and instead of devoting your houses and streets and roads to the dread uses of war, I and this army become at once your protectors and supporters, shielding you from danger let it come from what quarter it may.......You might as well appeal against the thunder-storm as against these terrible hardships of war."

Yet Wade Hampton, one of the chief actors in this bloody contest which he and his fellows forced upon their country, is frantic with rage because General Sherman, in the absence of civil authorities, forages upon the country and orders those who murder his foragers to be shot. Wade Hampton does not deny this military right of forage, but he says "there is a right older even than this, and one more inalienable, the right that every man has to defend his home and to protect those that are dependent upon him."

Look at it! Wade Hampton and his associates offer this nation an alternative. It must submit peaceably to destruction, or it must fight for its life. The nation chooses the latter. Hampton and Company light their matches and fire. They invite civil war. They begin civil war. And when civil war clutches them by the throat they cry "thief," "murderer," "barbarian," "savage," and "wild beast." To all this which flows freely from the pen of "Yours, etc., Wade Hampton, Lieutenant-General," the letter of General Sherman contains the calm and complete reply. "Personally I regret the bitter feelings engendered by this war; but they were to be expected, and I simply allege that those who struck the first blow, and made war inevitable, ought not in fairness to reproach us for the natural consequences."

SHERIDAN.

"Boot, saddle, to horse, and away!" So shouts Philip Sheridan cheerily as he swings into the saddle and rides forward with his bold and merry men. Presently his voice rings back again from far away: "I have had no opposition. Every body is bewildered by our movements. I have had no news of any kind since I left." And again: "I can not speak in too high terms of Generals Merritt, Custer, and Deven, and the officers and men of their commands. They have waded through mud and water during this continuous rain, and are all in fine spirits and health."

This also will probably be treated as "a mere raid" by the Richmond doctors. But if a mere raid can cut "the great feeder" of the rebel capital, and if the engagements of General Lee in North Carolina prevent his attending to repairing the feeder, may not a mere raid be of rather vital importance? Hamlet was scratched only; but Hamlet died of it. The campaign which General Grant opened upon the first of last May is proceeding. "I shall fight it out upon this line," he said, and he is keeping his word.

COWELL LENDING A HAND.

We are afraid that even Cowell can not save the rebellion. Cowell is a correspondent of the London *Examiner*. Cowell hears something of a proposition reported to have been made at Hampton Roads to unite the national and rebel forces in an invasion of Canada and Mexico; and Cowell hastens to remind the *Examiner* that this was Mr. Seward's original plan of avoiding the war! Ah! thinks Cowell, assisted by the London *Times*, if it could only be believed that the American Secretary of State is the author of this suggestion, somebody might be induced to throw an alms in the hat of a needy rebellion!

But, as we said, even Cowell will hardly succeed. The United States, France, and England are certainly not cordial friends, but they do not wish to go to war with each other. That we have been bitterly hostile to England for her hot haste in recognizing the rebels as belligerents, and maritime belligerents, is true. That we may call upon her for indemnity for the losses wrought by the rebel ships that sailed from her ports under her flag is very possible. But if we do, she will leave the question to arbitration—she will not go to war about it.

That France has failed in respect for the Monroe doctrine, as generally understood, is apparent. That she chose the season of our distraction to accomplish her purpose is beyond question. But that the United States, emerging sad and weary from a wasting civil war, with a vast country to compose and a debt of three or four thousand millions of dollars to pay, would wish more drafts and more debts in order to restore Mexico to its traditional anarchy is not clear. Or that Louis Napoleon, to keep his balance in Mexico, would try to destroy that of the United States, just as it was righting itself, and thus invoke general war in Christendom, is less likely than that he will see such a course to be unnecessary. The United States, at the end of their present difficulties, may not wish to fight. But they will be certainly able to fight; and so sagacious an observer as **Louis Napoleon** will hardly fail to note so interesting and suggestive a fact.

It seems, therefore, as if **Cowell** would lose his pains. Foreign war is not at all likely unless provoked by us; and the union of national and rebel arms to provoke it is one of those shallow whimseys which common-sense instinctively repudiates. That the war has proved the immense strength of our system and our formidable military power is plain; but it has not made us a military people. It has not tainted us with lust of dominion, and by exterminating slavery it has extirpated the cancer of "manifest destiny." A military force in the field we shall long retain, because preparation discourages insurrection. Nor are we ever likely again to be so utterly stripped of defensive and offensive means as we were when the war burst upon us.

But still the restored Union will be moderation, firmness, and peace. The infinite swagger and bluster of a slavery-propagating policy, which disgusted every decent nation in the world, will give place to a spirit of civilization and equity. The sentimentality and savagery, which had both inflated and degraded the country, will yield to the plain common-sense of universal justice and fair play. Exactly what **Abraham Lincoln** is contrasted with **Slidell**, and **Wigfall**, and **Davis**, and **Benjamin**, and **Toombs**, and **Franklin Pierce**, and **Buchanan**, and **Fernando Wood**, and **Yancey**, and **Pendleton**, and **Saulsbury**, and **Bright**—just that will be the contrast of the spirit and policy of the United States after and before the war.

A TRAGICAL DELUSION.

The tragical delusion of the madmen of Charleston four years ago, that they could overthrow a great nation as easily as they could fire upon a provision ship or upon a little isolated garrison, is vividly illustrated by the two following extracts. The first is from the Charleston *Mercury* of the 10th of January, 1861, and the second from a letter to the *Tribune*, written in Charleston on the 20th of February, 1865:

> "The expulsion of the steamer *Star of the West* from the Charleston harbor yesterday morning was the opening of the ball of the revolution.....We would not exchange or recall that blow for millions.....The haughty echo of her cannon has ere this reverberated from Maine to Texas, through every hamlet of the North, and down along the great waters of the Southwest. And though greasy and treacherous ruffians may cry on the dogs of war, and traitorous politicians may lend their aid in deceptions, South Carolina will stand under her own palmetto-tree, unterrified by the snarling growls or the assaults of the one, undeceived or deterred by the wily machinations of the other. And if that red sea of blood be still lacking to the parchment of our liberties, and blood they want, blood they shall have, and blood enough to stamp it all in red. For, by the God of our fathers, the soil of South Carolina shall be free!"

So wrote men who were ready and eager to smother in blood a Government which they did not pretend had ever harmed them, and which they had absolutely controlled. Four years pass. One by one their hopes disappear. And now amidst the desertion, according to Governor **Vance**, of half their army, amidst the imprecations and cries of the Richmond journals that their leaders shall not flee, by the mere wind of **Sherman's** thundering march Charleston falls without a blow, and the crazy city that causelessly defied a Government as strong as it is benign, is thus described:

> "The wharves looked as if they had been deserted for half a century—broken down, dilapidated, grass and moss peeping up between the pavements, where once the busy feet of commerce trode incessantly. The warehouses near the river; the streets as we enter them; the houses and the stores and the public buildings—we look at them and hold our breaths in utter amazement. Every step we take increases our astonishment. No pen, no pencil, no tongue can do justice to the scene. No imagination can conceive of the utter wreck, the universal ruin, the stupendous desolation. Ruin—ruin—ruin—above and below; on the right hand and the left; ruin, ruin, ruin, every where and always—staring at us from every paneless window; looking out at us from every shell-torn wall; glaring at us from every battered door and pillar and veranda; crouching beneath our feet on every sidewalk. Not Pompeii, nor Herculaneum, nor Thebes, nor the Nile, have ruins so complete, so saddening, so plaintively eloquent, for they speak to us of an age not ours, and long ago dead, with whose people and life and ideas we have no sympathy whatever. But here, on these shattered wrecks of houses—built in our own style, many of them doing credit to the architecture of our epoch—we read names familiar to us all; telling us of trades and professions and commercial institutions, which every modern city reckons up by the hundred; yet dead, dead, dead; as silent as the grave of the Pharaohs, as deserted as the bazars of the merchant princes of Old Tyre."

A PHOTOGRAPH FROM ANCIENT GREECE.

We have already mentioned Professor **Tayler Lewis's** remarkable monograph, "State Rights, a Photograph from the Ruins of Ancient Greece," in which the most copious scholarship is brought in a most trenchant and picturesque style to illustrate the condition and the dangers of our condition. The pernicious folly of the doctrine of supreme State Rights, which is but another name for the right of secession, is shown in the history and fate of Greece, and shown not only with the inexorable logic of the philosophic historian, but with the pathetic regret of a scholar who, deeply versed in the literature and language of Greece, perceives the exceeding charm of Grecian civilization and its possible influence upon the course of history, an influence which was paralyzed and lost by the same false doctrine that now imperils the American Union and finally destroyed Greece.

The pamphlet, originally published last autumn, and one of the most interesting and significant which the war has produced, is now reissued by **Weed, Parsons, & Co.**, of Albany, enriched with three supplementary chapters on the Ideas of Nationality; of Sovereignty; and the Right of Revolution. The stringent common sense of these chapters is not less striking than their clear and conclusive reasoning. As a contribution to the solution of the vexed question of nationality, which will be debated until it is finally put to rest in the fundamental law, this pamphlet of Professor **Lewis** will hold a distinguished place. It is plain that as the partial obscurity of the Constitution upon the point of Slavery has compelled the people to make it clear as day, so its equally dangerous want of an explicit declaration of the national inviolability will be supplied by the same power. There can be no more important topic for the consideration of every citizen. There is no more valuable treatise upon it than the pamphlet of Professor **Lewis**.

FOR THE SOLDIERS—A CARD.

We publish the following card with pleasure, and remind our readers once more how easily they can please and help the soldiers:

> Mr. **John Savary**, Agent of the United States Sanitary Commission, returns his thanks on behalf of the soldiers to those Northern friends and patriots who have remembered us, in the way of books and papers sent to the Hospital Library at City Point. To the editor and patrons of *Harper's Weekly* his thanks are especially due. The help and comfort thus afforded to sick soldiers is second to none in importance in this war. Invoices of books have been received from New York and Philadelphia; a box of *Harper's* also from young ladies in Lexington, Kentucky; and papers from an unknown friend in Indiana.
>
> All reading matter intended for soldiers at this Point should be boxed up and marked as follows:
>
> For BASE HOSPITAL, Care of Dr. M'Donald
> (or to John Savary, Care of U. S. San. Com.),
> City Point, Va.
>
> Contributors, in future, will please make known their name and address, that suitable acknowledgments may be returned.
>
> Second Corps Hospital, *March*, 1865.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

THE SITUATION.

A general view of the military situation has been given on the preceding page. It appears that no small portion of the rebel army in North Carolina is in the vicinity of Kinston, in Schofield's front. Sherman and Schofield are doubtless in communication. The panic in Richmond will not be diminished, we may be sure, from the fact that the line of communication toward Lynchburg is as effectually interrupted as it could possibly be if Lynchburg itself were in our possession. If Sheridan crosses the James the Southside Railroad will suffer a similar fate. In the mean time movements are on foot in the Confederacy to supply Lee's army by subscription. Every thing promises favorably for Grant and Schofield and Sherman and Sheridan.

There is no political news. The extra session of Congress, after effecting its own organization, has adjourned.

FIRST NEWS FROM SHERMAN.

On the 14th a dispatch was received from General Sherman, dated Laurel Hill, North Carolina, March 8. He says: "We are all well, and have done finely."

SHERIDAN AND SCHOFIELD.

On the 10th of March two dispatches were penned, one by Schofield, near Kinston, and the other by Sheridan, on the north bank of the James, at Columbia. We copy these dispatches below:

Head-quarters, Middle Military Division,
Columbia, Virginia, *March* 10, 1865.

Lieutenant-General U. S. Grant, Commanding Armies United States:

General,—In my last dispatch, dated Waynesborough, I gave you a brief account of the defeat of Early by Custer's division.

The same night this division was pushed across the Blue Ridge and entered Charlottesville at two P.M. the next day. The Mayor of the city and the principal inhabitants came out and delivered up the keys of the public buildings.

I had to remain at Charlottesville two days. This time was consumed in bringing over from Waynesborough our ammunition and pontoon trains.

The weather was horrible beyond description and the rain incessant.

The two divisions were during this time occupied in destroying the two large iron bridges—one over the Rivanna River, the other over Morse's Creek, near Charlottesville—and the railroad for a distance of eight miles in the direction of Lynchburg.

On the 6th of March I sent the first division, General Deven commanding, to Scottsville, on the James River, with directions to send out light parties through the country and destroy all merchandise, mills, factories, bridges, etc., on the Rivanna River, the parties to join the division at Scottsville. The division then proceeded along the canal to Duguidsville, fifteen miles from Lynchburg, destroying every lock, and in many places the bank of the canal. At Duguidsville we hoped to secure the bridge to let us cross the river, as our pontoons were useless.

On account of the high water in this, however, we were foiled, as both this bridge and the bridge at Hardwicksville were burned by the enemy upon our approach. Merritt accompanied this division.

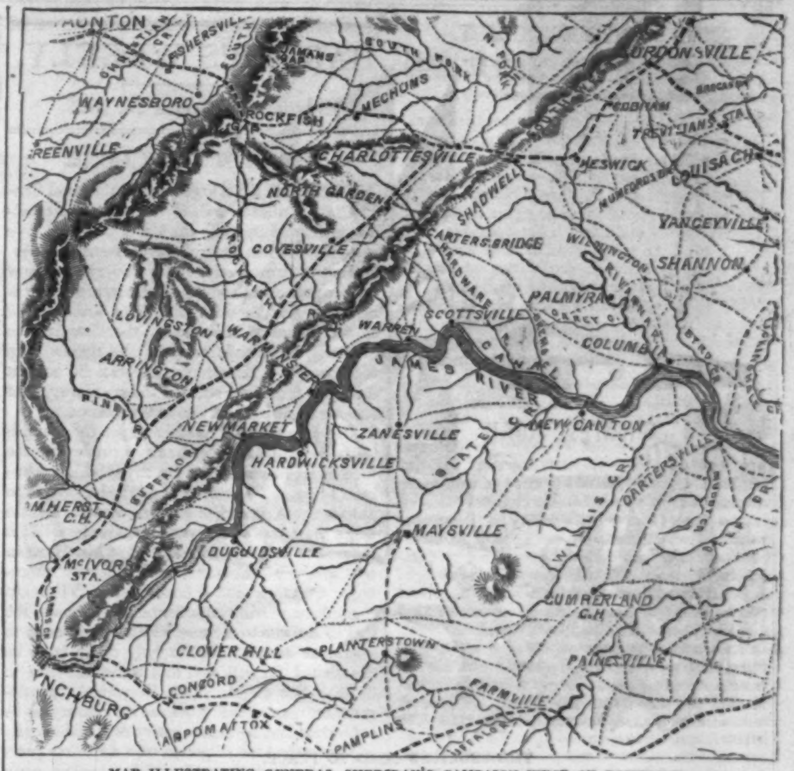
The third division started at the same time from Charlottesville, and proceeded down the Lynchburg Railroad to Amherst Court House, destroying every bridge on the road, and in many places miles of the road. The bridges on this road are numerous, and some of them five hundred feet in length. We have found great abundance in this country for our men and animals. In fact the canal had been the great feeder of Richmond. At the Rockfish River the bank of the canal was cut, and at New Canton, where the dam is across the James, the guard lock was destroyed and the James River let into the canal, carrying away the banks and washing out the bottom of the canal.

The dam across the James at this point was also partially destroyed.

I have had no opposition. Every body is bewildered by our movements. I have had no news of any kind since I left.

The latest Richmond paper was of the 4th, but containing nothing.

I omitted to mention that the bridges on the railroad from Swoop's Dépôt, on the other side of Staunton, to Charlottesville, were utterly destroyed; also all bridges for a distance of ten miles on the Gordonsville Railroad.



MAP ILLUSTRATING GENERAL SHERIDAN'S CAMPAIGN WEST OF RICHMOND.

The weather has been very bad indeed, raining hard every day, with the exception of four days, since we started. My wagons have, from the state of the roads, detained me.

Up to the present time we have captured fourteen pieces of artillery—eleven at Waynesborough and three at Charlottesville.

The party that I sent back from Waynesborough started with six pieces, but they were obliged to destroy two of the six for want of animals. The remaining eight pieces were thoroughly destroyed.

We have captured up to the present time twelve canal-boats laden with supplies, ammunition, rations, medical stores, etc.

I can not speak in too high terms of Generals Merritt, Custer, and Deven, and the officers and men of their commands. They have waded through mud and water during this continuous rain, and are all in fine spirits and health.

Commodore Hollins, of the rebel navy, was shot near Gordonsville, while attempting to make his escape from our advance in that direction.

Very respectfully, your obedient servant,

P. H. Sheridan,
Major-General Commanding.

Wise's Fork, *March* 10, 1865.

To Lieutenant-General Grant:

The enemy made a heavy attack upon our centre and left to-day, but was decisively repulsed, with heavy loss.

His dead and badly wounded were left upon the field.

We also took several hundred prisoners. Our loss is small.

General Couch is only twelve miles from here to-night, and will be up early in the morning.

We took prisoners from Lee's and Stuart's corps. They say that two corps are here, and the rest of Johnston's army is coming. J. M. Schofield, Major-General.

General Schofield, in a dispatch dated at Newbern, March 12, states that on the night of the 10th, near Southwest Creek, Bragg was fairly beaten; that during the night he retreated across the Neuse at Kinston, and now holds the north bank of the river at that place.

RUMORED REVERSE TO KILPATRICK.

The following is a dispatch from General Lee, claiming that a victory was gained by Hampton over Kilpatrick on the 10th. The locality of the battle is not given:

Head-quarters, etc., *March* 10, 1865.

Hon. John C. Breckinridge, Secretary of War:

General Hampton attacked General Kilpatrick at daylight this morning, and drove him from the camp, taking his guns, wagons, many horses, several hundred prisoners, and relieving a great number of our men who had been captured. The guns and wagons could not be brought off for want of horses. Many of the enemy were killed and wounded. Our loss is not heavy. Lieutenant-Colonel J. S. King was killed. Brigadier-General Hume, Colonels Kagan and Morrison, and Majors Davis and Ferguson, and others, were wounded.

R. E. Lee, General.

SOUTHERN SLAVE CONSCRIPTION.

The bill to arm slaves and place them in the ranks of the Confederate army passed the rebel Senate March 7 by a majority of two. Mr. Hunter voted for the bill, which thus becomes a law; but he made a speech directly contrary to this vote. He said that to arm the slave was to abandon the principles upon which the war was undertaken. "Who is to answer, then," he asks, "for the hundreds of thousands of men who had been slain in the war? Who was to answer for them before the bar of Heaven? Not those who had entered into the contest upon principle and adhere to the principle, but those who had abandoned the principle. Not for all the gold in California would he have put his name to such a measure as this, unless obliged to do so by instructions. As long as he was free to vote from his own convictions nothing could have extorted it from him. Mr. Hunter then argued the necessity of freeing the negroes if they were made soldiers. There was something in the human heart and head that tells us it must be so; when they come out scarred from this conflict they must be free."

The following is a copy of the bill:

A Bill to Increase the Military Forces of the Confederate States.—The Congress of the Confederate States of America do enact that in order to provide additional forces to repel the invasion, maintain the rightful possession of the Confederate States, secure their independence, and preserve their institutions, the President be and is hereby authorized to ask for and accept from the owners of slaves the services of such number of able-bodied negro men as he may deem expedient for and during the war, to perform military service in whatever capacity he may direct.

Sec. 2. That the General-in-Chief be authorized to organize the said slaves into companies, battalions, regiments, and brigades, under such rules and regulations as the Secretary of War may prescribe, and to be commanded by such officers as the President may appoint.

Sec. 3. That while employed in the service the said troops shall receive the same rations, clothing, and compensation as are allowed to other troops in the same branch of the service.

Sec. 4. That if, under the previous section of this act, the President shall not be able to raise a sufficient number of troops to prosecute the war successfully and maintain the sovereignty of the States and the independence of the Confederate States, then he is hereby authorized to call on each State, whenever he thinks it expedient, for her quota of three hundred thousand troops in addition to those subject to military service under existing laws, or so many thereof as the President may deem necessary to be raised from such classes of the population, irrespective of color, in each State, as the proper authorities thereof may determine. Provided, that not more than twenty-five per cent. of the male slaves between the ages of eighteen and forty-five in any State shall be called for under the provisions of this act.

Sec. 5. That nothing in this act shall be construed to authorize a change in the relation of the said slaves.

PRESENTATION OF A GOLD MEDAL TO LIEUT.-GENERAL GRANT.

On the 11th there was a review of the troops on Grant's left, which was graced with the presence of the Lieutenant-General's wife and the wife of his Chief of Staff, General Rawlins. In the evening the General and his party returned to City Point, where, in the presence of a large number of officers and distinguished civilians, he was presented with the gold medal voted him by a joint resolution December 17, 1863. The medal was accompanied by a copy of the resolution engrossed on parchment. The ceremony took place in the upper cabin of the *Mary Martin*. Hon. E. B. Washburne presented the medal, with an appropriate speech, in the course of which he read the following letter addressed to the Lieutenant-General by the President:

> "Executive Mansion, Washington, *March* 7, 1865.
>
> "Lieutenant-General Grant,—In accordance with a joint resolution of Congress, approved December 16, 1863, I now have the honor of transmitting and presenting to you, in the name of the people of the United States of America, a copy of said resolution, engrossed on parchment, together with the gold medal therein ordered and directed.
>
> "Please accept for yourself and all under your command the renewed expression of my gratitude for your and their arduous and well-performed public service.
>
> "Your obedient servant, A. Lincoln."

The General replied: "I accept the medal and joint resolution of Congress which the President has commissioned you to deliver to me. I will do myself the honor at an early day to acknowledge the receipt of the letter of the President accompanying them, and to communicate in orders to the officers and soldiers who served under my command, prior to the passage of the resolution, the thanks so generously tendered to them by the Congress of the United States."

The cost of the medal was about $6000. The Congressional resolution was beautifully engrossed, and encased in a silver tube.

NEWS ITEMS.

A report from Newbern, N. C., says that the remaining Union prisoners at Salisbury, N. C., have been released by Union troops, whether of Sherman's or some other force is not stated.

New Orleans advices of the 7th inst. state that large bodies of troops were then leaving there for the vicinity of Mobile. General Bailey's expedition from Baton Rouge into the interior of Louisiana had reached Clinton. His force consists of three thousand cavalry and some artillery.

On the 11th the obsequies of Major-General Whiting, who died on Governor's island of the wounds he received in the assault on Fort Fisher, took place at Trinity Church before a large congregation. The Rev. Drs. Dix and Ogilby officiated, and the remains were subsequently interred in Greenwood Cemetery.

Governor Vance, of North Carolina, makes an urgent appeal to the people, saying Lee's army must, for three or four months to come, depend for food upon portions of Virginia and North Carolina. He himself has donated half his stock of provisions to the rebel Government, placing his own family and dependents upon half rations, and recommends that other citizens follow his example.

Sherman's new base of supplies is at Wilmington. His Chief Quarter-master has arrived there, and all transports and other vessels laden with supplies have been ordered from both Charleston and Savannah, with orders to rendezvous at New Inlet.

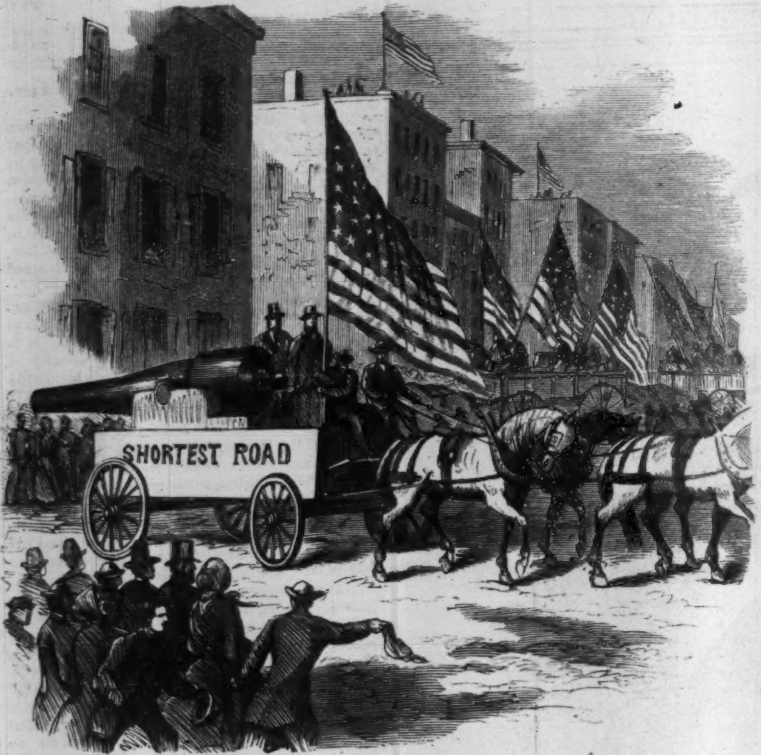
A gentleman who left the Army of the Potomac on the 11th, and who has been spending several days at the front, states that the Army is in most perfect condition. Large accessions are being made to it daily; and the order, neatness, drill, and discipline are complete; the parades and reviews are perfect, and are the special admiration of the British Major-General who has been for a time the guest of General Meade. There are nearly twenty miles of lines closely covered with Union troops. Our troops continue close on to Petersburg, and as near as ever to Richmond. They are most abundantly fed and clothed.

FOREIGN NEWS.

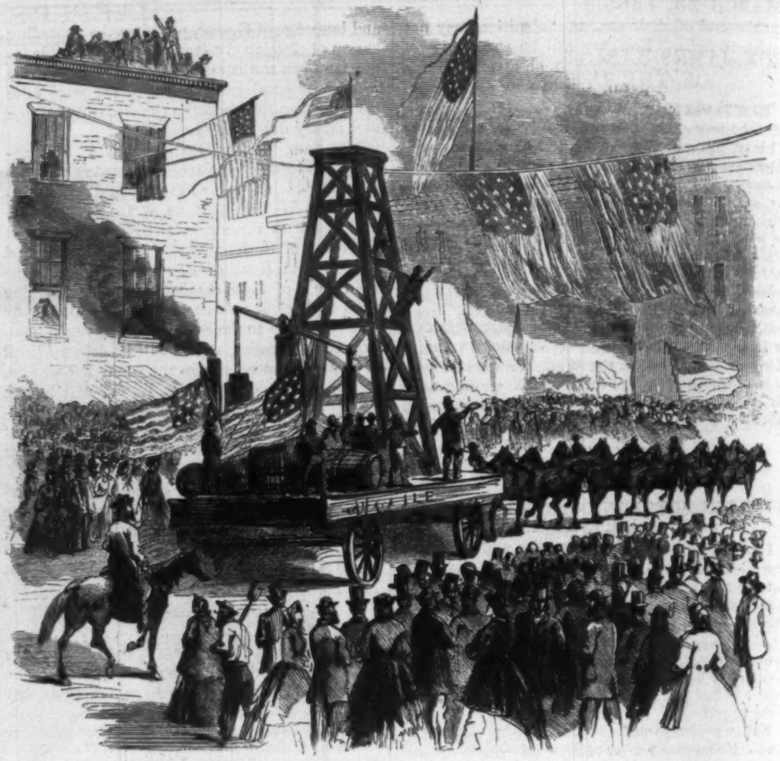
EUROPE.

Lord Lyons has resigned the office of British Ministe to Washington. Sir Frederick Bruce, English Minister t China, has been appointed to succeed Lord Lyons.

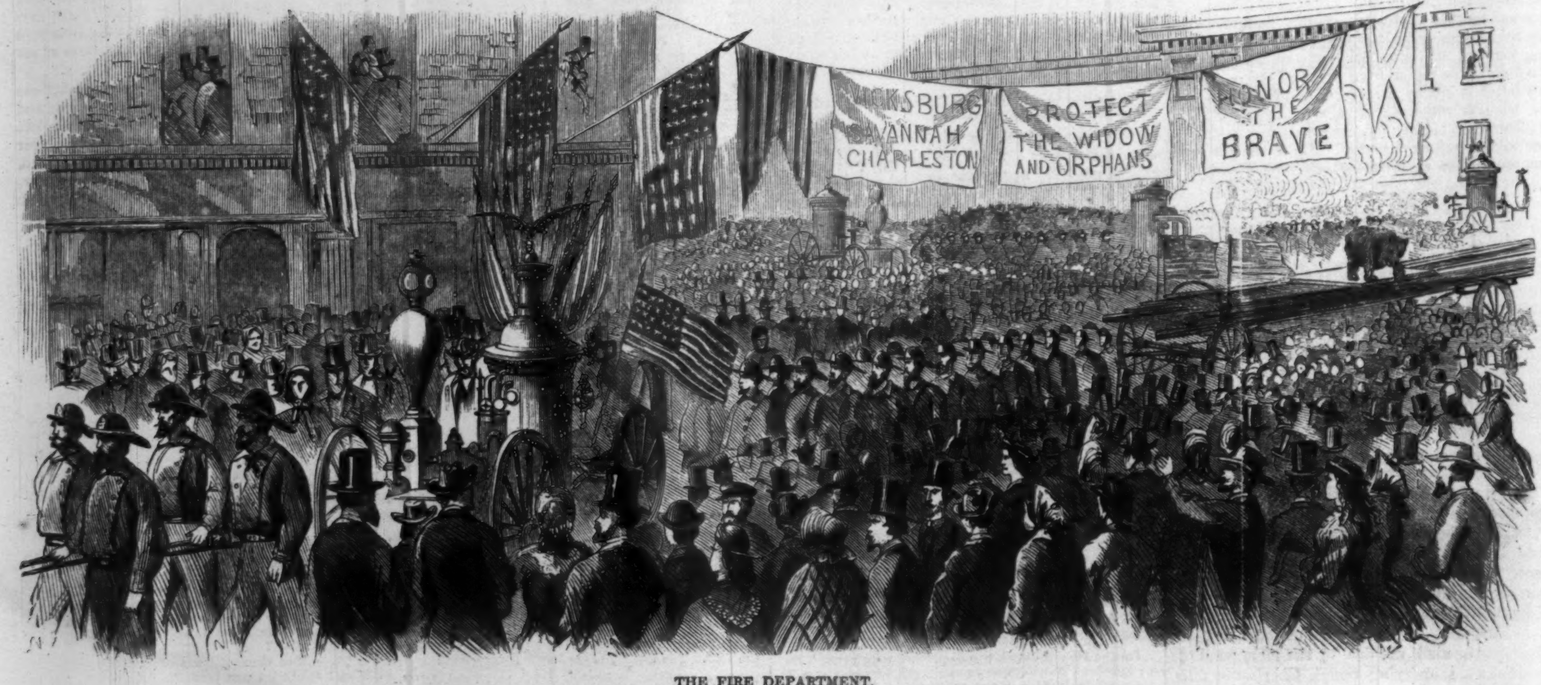
Queen Isabella of Spain, it is reported, is about to sacrifice her private estate in aid of the National Treasury. The royal palaces and their contents, Buen Retiro, Aranjues, the Escurial, and ten more, the Museum of Art, the Alhambra, and some other property are to be entailed forever on the Crown; and when so much has been put aside to serve for the perpetual lustre of majesty the rest of the patrimony, hereditary possessions, and other estates enjoyed by the Queen are to be sold. Three-fourths of the proceeds are to be paid into the Treasury, and the remaining fourth to herself.


SHORTEST ROAD

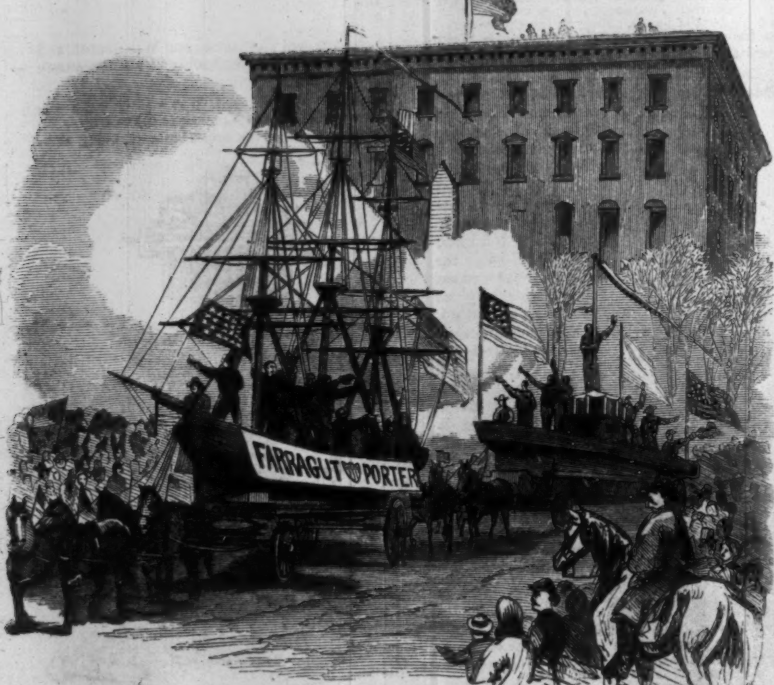
THE SHORTEST ROAD TO PEACE.



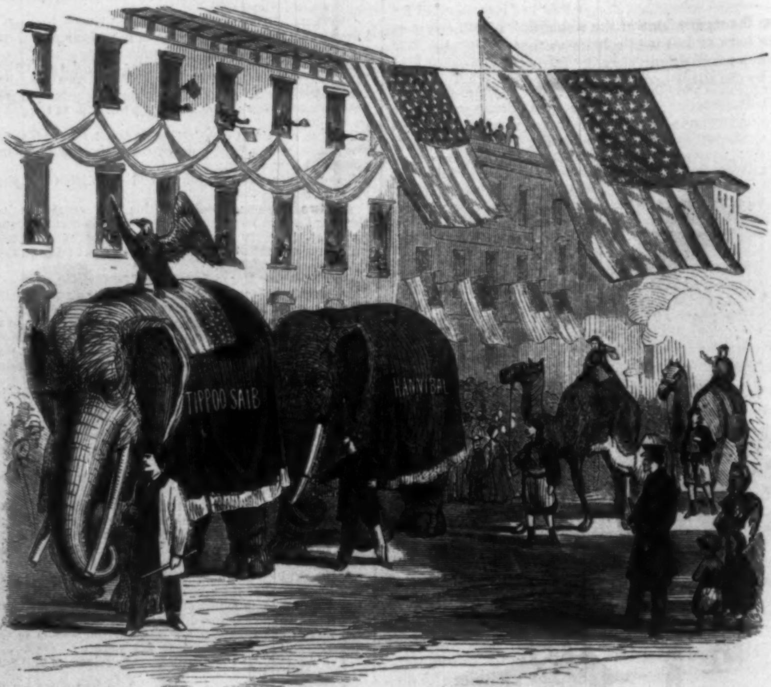
STRIKING OIL.


VICKSBURG
SAVANNAH
CHARLESTON
PROTECT
THE WIDOW
AND ORPHANS
HONOR
THE
BRAVE

THE FIRE DEPARTMENT.


FARRAGUT PORTER

THE NAVAL DEMONSTRATION.

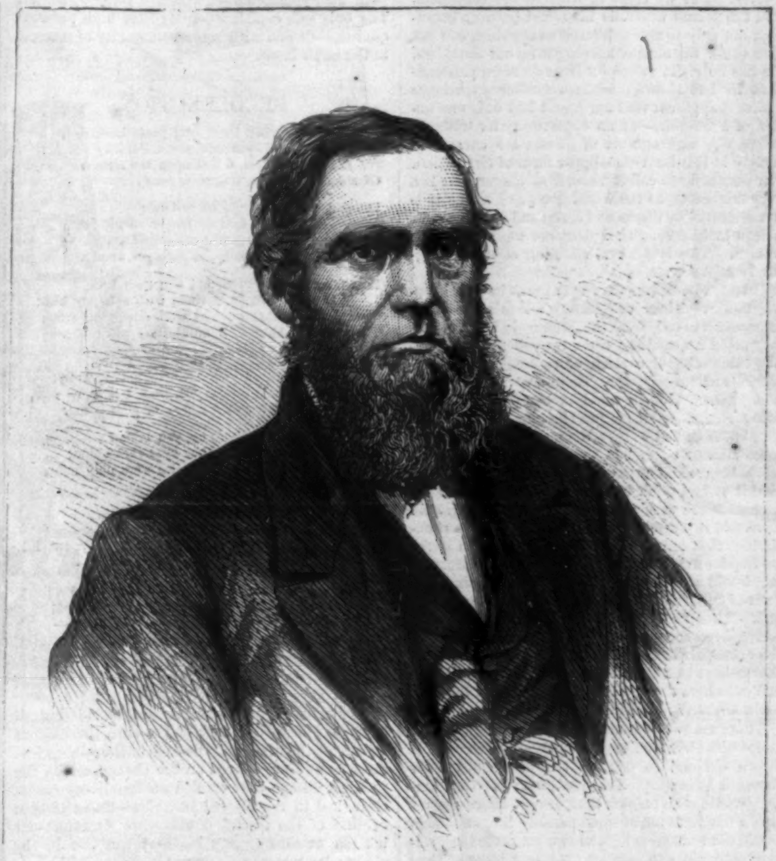

TIPPOO SAIB
HANNIBAL

WINDING UP OF THE PROCESSION.

THE TRIUMPH IN NEW YORK—GLIMPSES OF THE GRAND PROCESSION.—[SEE FIRST PAGE.]

HON. JAMES HARLAN, SECRETARY OF THE INTERIOR.

HON. JAMES HARLAN, who has just been appointed Secretary of the Interior, was born in Clark County, Illinois, August 26, 1820. He is now, therefore, nearly forty-five years old. At the age of twenty-five he graduated at the Indiana University, and devoted himself to the profession of law, in which he obtained a high position. Two years later he was Superintendent of Public Instruction in the State of Iowa, where he had taken up his residence. In 1853 he was chosen President of the Iowa Wesleyan University, which office he retained one year, when he was elected United States Senator. He was re-elected for the term ending in 1867, serving as Chairman of the Committee on Public Lands. His past experience in the West, and his relation to the Committee on Public Lands, have well fitted Mr. HARLAN for the important duties of his new office.



HON. JAMES HARLAN, SECRETARY OF THE INTERIOR.—[PHOTOGRAPHED BY BRADY.]

CORRESPONDENCE.

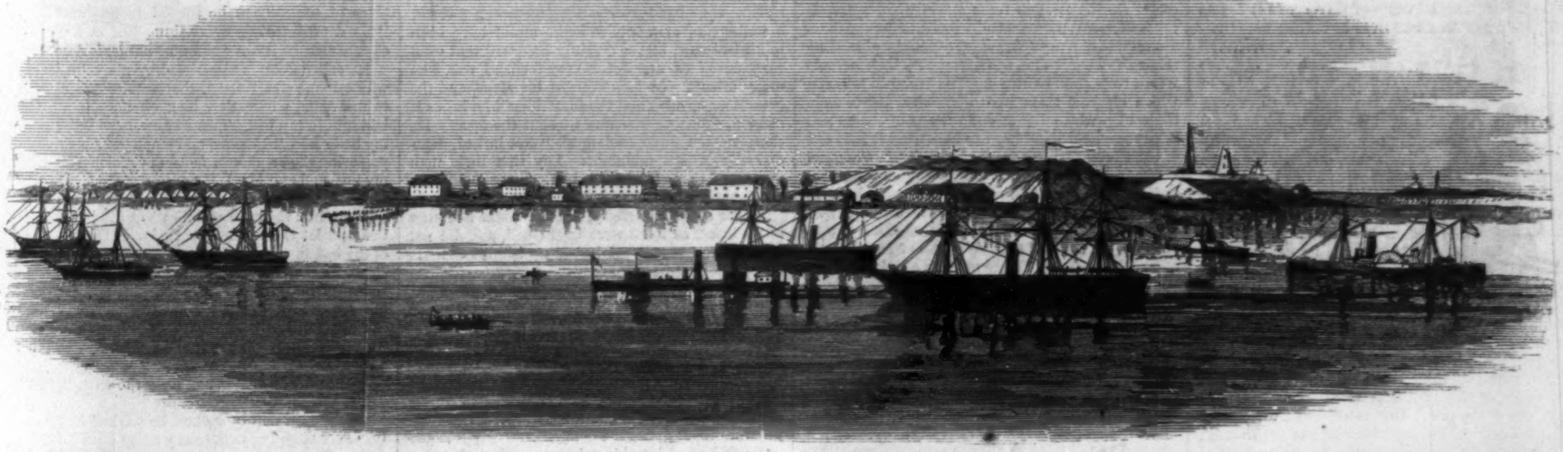
WITH GEN. SHERMAN IN THE CAROLINAS.

NEAR BRANCHVILLE, *Feb.* 20, 1865.

I AM one of the "uncounted throng" who compose General Sherman's army; and the general purpose that brings us here, or takes us elsewhere, is as well known to you as myself. Cadmus, perambulating the Oriental world in search of his sister, Europa; Japhet in search of a father; or Diogenes looking for an honest man, had no such task as ours. We are looking for a rebel army that we expect to find, burrowed or "ditched," somewhere in the Carolinas.

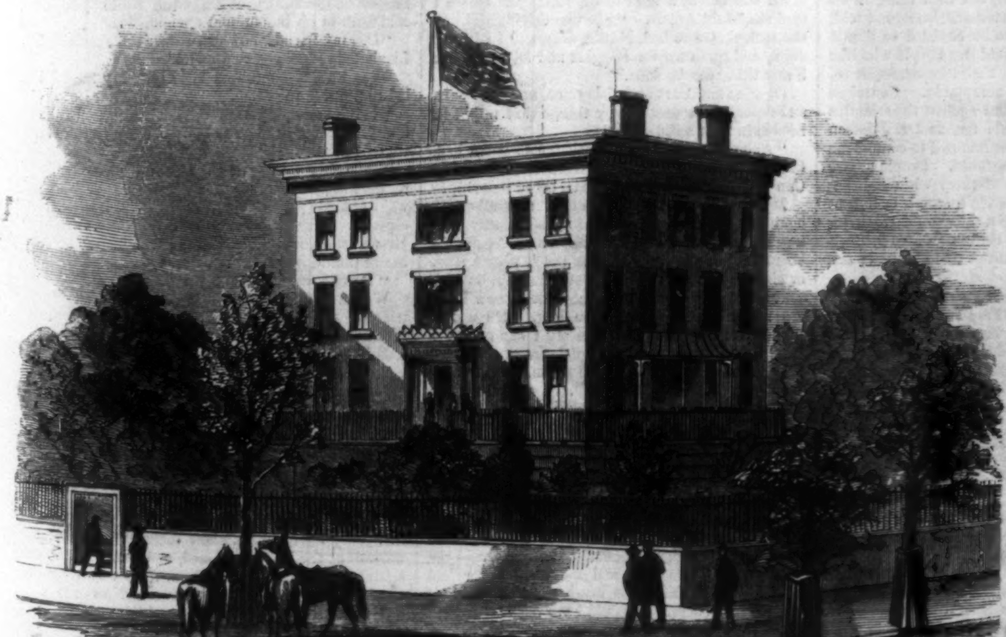
Nature's picture-gallery hereabouts is monotonous. No mountains, no valleys, no "cattle upon a thousand hills," or even *one* hill worthy of the name; no pretty villages thickly set, with beautiful women and happy children flitting about like butterflies—nothing of the sort. Silence and gloom, swamps and forests; a low, level country, inhabited mainly by negroes and alligators—the former migrating seaward, the latter dormant—are the general features of the region from whence I write.

This forest is but an enormous growth of evergreens, beneath which day is always dusky, and night gloomy and hideous. Among these vast fields of pine silence reigns supreme. Night, dark as Erebus within the cavernous woods, tinges with gloom the meditations of the wakeful. A stillness reigns here as deep and solemn as that which prevails in a country church-yard. In the dense swamp hard by the alligators have their lair, and at certain seasons of the year hold nocturnal revels. To get through this swamp our men and animals have to wallow in mud and water, compounded into a bottomless chaos. But the birds are here, and singing merrily; while the morning sun makes futile efforts to penetrate the gloom, and plant its rays upon the cold, damp earth.



FORT MORGAN, IN MOBILE BAY.—FROM A SKETCH SHOWING THE NORTH AND WEST SIDES OF THE FORT.—[BY GEORGE WATTERS.]

Where and when we are to emerge from the wilderness of pines is problematical. We have left the land of cotton rearward, and are making ourselves familiar with the land of turpentine. We give some attention to botany, and the geology of the country through which we pass; and are not indifferent to the fascinations of natural history.



GENERAL SCHOFIELD'S HEAD-QUARTERS AT WILMINGTON.—[SKETCHED BY E. H. HALL.]

The negro is ever before us. We see him in all his gradations—from the unmixed specimen up to that which is nine parts white man to one of "Africa." It is interesting to note the gradual improvement in physiognomy as they progress upward. The mouth recedes, the nose contracts laterally, the forehead advances and spreads out on either flank, the labial organs diminish in size and protuberance, the cuticle changes its hue, and the hair loses its propensity to be rooted at both ends, with numerous Gordian knots intervening.

The negroes along our line of march display a great desire to see "Massa Sherman." On one occasion, during our Georgia campaign, General Sherman had chanced to make his head-quarters for the night at a plantation belonging to Howell Cobb, and the proprietor's "people" were extremely anxious to see the man whose name is such a terror to traitors.

An aged "specimen," bowed down with years and much stooping over the cotton plant, requested permission to behold the "man of war" of whom so much had been told in his hearing. His request being made known to the General, he was admitted. The military monstrosity was seated astride a chair, smoking, when the patriarch was shown in and stood before him. "Africa" bowed very low, and, with dilapidated hat in quivering hand, stood mute with fear and wonder.

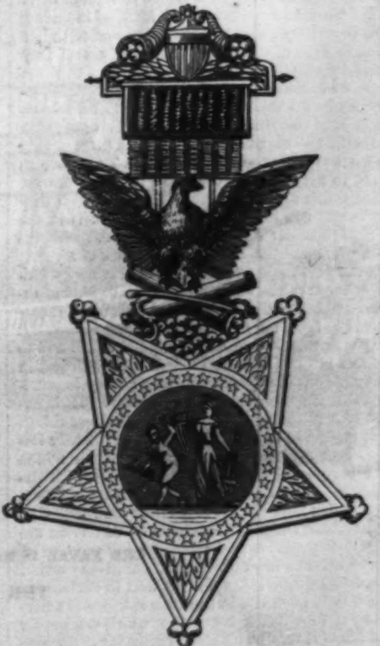
Growing bolder, he asked, "Are you Massa Sherman?" "I am General Sherman; do you want to see me?" was the reply. "Lord-a-massa! is it true that you is the man I hear so much about? I bress God I live to see your face! tank de Lord! tank de Lord! May I come up and look at you!" he asked. "Certainly," said the General; "take the candle and look at me as long as you choose."

Seizing the light in his trembling hand, the old man walked slowly around the General's chair, holding the candle frequently quite close to his face, and looking at him on all sides with intense interest. His curiosity gratified, he reluctantly departed, frequently ejaculating his thanks to the Lord that he had been permitted to see Massa Sherman face to face, and on the old plantation.

Absurd notions prevail among people of the South, claiming intelligence, as to the character and motives of leading men in our Government, whether in cabinet or field. On one occasion a man of prominence in Georgia propounded the following question to General Sherman: "General," said he, "what kind of a man is your President, Mr. Lincoln? Is he not a hard-hearted, tyrannical man, with very little sympathy or love for his race?" "By no means," said the General. "Mr. Lincoln is a tender-hearted man—*very* tender-hearted; so much so," said he, "that I dare not let him know I was coming down through Georgia, lest he should stop me, fearing that I might *hurt* somebody." And thus were set aside the erroneous views of one man at least as to the character of our amiable Chief Magistrate.

Doubtless, ere your readers have perused these desultory lines, this army, under its restless and successful leader, will have finished its immediate work, and assumed a temporary stability. Our campaign through South Carolina will have ended, its capital city will have felt the heavy hand of war, and the national colors will be floating in triumph over Sumter, and Charleston, and Wilmington, and other points now yielding readily to the supremacy of the legitimate Government.

South Carolina is just now in a transition state, and is about to become a proselyte to the true faith. Externally she has the appearance of being sick.



THE BADGE OF THE TWENTY-THIRD (SCHOFIELD'S) ARMY CORPS.—[Sketched by E. H. HALL.]

Like other portions of the South her cotton and rice fields are overgrown with weeds, and her people are "not at home." An ominous silence pervades her forests and cultivated fields, and we who visit her in this her hour of trial tread lightly over her tainted soil. Her families, of royal blood and illustrious name, who have lived in lordly retirement, and whose sporadic dwellings are scattered over a great surface, at a solemn distance from each other, are fleeing coastward, or to the few remaining localities where rebellion dares to congregate.

"Is your master at home?" I inquired of an aged female servant, who appeared at the door of a fine mansion, embowered within a beautiful park. "No, massa; he gone away," said she. "Is your mistress within, or any of the family?" "No, massa." "Why have they left such a charming home—such an Eden of beauty?" said I, as my admiration rose contemplating the surrounding loveliness. "'Spect they's afraid of you Yankees," said she; and therein I found my answer.

Occasionally we meet with a low hovel in some obscure place by the wayside, where Poverty and Ignorance have fraternized and set up a temple. These are the dwelling-places of the "poor whites"—the most abject, ignorant, and degraded white people it was ever my fortune to see.

It is from such homes as these the bulk of the rebel army is drawn. Without education, without hope of advancement, without ambition, or any of the higher attributes of manhood, the husbands, sons, and brothers who have sprung from these hovels are the pliant tools of designing men, and are led to fight for treason without a single intelligent idea of the object for which their hands are raised against a beneficent Government. These are the people whom we are to take by the hand, and lift up from the slough of ignorance and apathy, and place their feet on solid ground. They form by far the larger portion of the white population of these States.

A few Southern men, born to wealth and educational privileges, arrogate to themselves superiority to aught else that wears the human form. They claim to have been

> "Made by some other Deity than Nature,
> That shapes man better,"

and prate loudly of the "Southern spirit," which they say can not be subdued, though it may be overpowered for a time. It is the spirit of the few, not of the many; and I may venture to say that by subduing the spirit of the few we may elevate the spirit and character of the many.

The only true conquests—those which awaken no regret—are those obtained over ignorance. Thus our efforts to put down rebellion may be crowned by a double victory; victory over those who would destroy the Government, and a victory over the ignorance and degradation of a class bound down by the inherent and natural curse of slavery, as it affects the poor white man who lives in contact with it.

R. H. W.

SECRETS.

WITH most persons the art of keeping a secret is at a low enough stage of development. With uncultivated, unrestrained people, a secret is often a burden intolerable to be borne, and this though the secret be one to affect their fame, and even life. We believe half the confessions of gross crime are made, not from remorse, but simply because the criminal can not keep his secret; he wants a present gratification, and prefers to tell it and die. Once it is out, he may care for the punishment, but is easy about the crime. He has satisfied the want of his soul. But, happily, a secret does not mean, in men's ordinary acceptance, any deep oppressive mystery; and "keeping secrets" means something quite different from the dissimulation of royal schemers, or the silence of moody conspirators or breakers of the law. Our relations to secrets are of two kinds. They may be our own or our friends'. Prudence and favoring circumstances may keep us clear of important secrets of our own, but there is always something which it is wise to keep to ourselves, and most people know something or other about their friends which they must not divulge. Now it is clearly a duty to keep our friend's secret, and it is wisdom to keep our own, but with the majority this is a hard duty. Some, indeed, seem physically incapacitated from observing it. We all know people who can only regard a secret as something to tell. Their precaution is solely engaged in finding a fit depositary; they regard it as an egg to be laid in some hidden, safe place. And perhaps, if they could be content with one telling, they would not differ so much from their fellows, for very few people can lock a thing that deeply interests and concerns them absolutely in their own breasts; but with them the yearning to tell continues on them so long as the secret interests themselves. They have no place to keep it in, so they give it in our charge. Their minds are thoroughfares through which they invite any one to pass. All their stock is in the window, and our secret is only hung out with the rest. This mere babbling incontinence of a secret is a different thing from that love of mystery which tends to much the same result. To be fond of secrets leads, of course, to the manufacturing of them; it is to be fond, not only of hearing and telling, but of having them. Indeed the impulse to tell and to conceal are in this case kindred ones. People in this state of mind don't much care for any information that is not enveloped in a mystery. Their notion of a pleasant conversation is of telling things that ought not to be told, or of which the tone implies that they ought not to be told; their notion of a compliment is to impart something with the entreaty not to let it go further. Our first introduction to this form of confidence is at once flattering and embarrassing. Our honor and discretion are appealed to with a trust and engaging reliance of which it is anxious work to show ourselves worthy. No doubt gossip gains a great deal in excitement when thus imparted, but in time it becomes a harassment to a tender conscience, which can not for the life of it recall which was particular and which general information, and fears lest what was confided under oaths of secrecy should be let out unawares. But we come in time to the conclusion that the person who tells his secret from no necessity, but only to amuse himself at the time, can not thus throw the onus of keeping it on our shoulders. He has no right to expect from us more prudence than he has shown; while a further experience makes it apparent that our friend had only one notion of a *tête-à-tête*—as an opportunity for telling a secret. A vast number of secrets are current in society in this hunt-the-slipper form of circulation. Nor does it do to call it a secret no longer. It is a very fair secret, as the world goes, so long as it is not discussed by threes and fours, and so long as the person mainly concerned does not know that it is known. This is the real standing of many religiously kept secrets.

Secrets themselves vary very much in their keeping power. There are secrets which there is no temptation to tell, from the absence in them of certain popular qualities; there are others so universally interesting or curious, or so congenial to both tellers and hearers, that they have no chance of being kept. Nobody could have kept the secret of Midas's ears. A slave has the blame of letting it out, but if he had waited, the monarch's wisest and most ancient councilors would have whispered it, not to the reeds, but to each other, under the excuse that it was an affair of state; and if these had got no hint of the wonder, the owner of the ears would have told it himself. It is just one of those peculiarities that can not be borne alone. Even if the perruquier did his part to a miracle, the secret of a wig would never be kept. Wherever the commoner form of curiosity is stimulated, it always gains its end. Thus no matrimonial engagement is ever a secret, even though—which is not often the case—the principal parties try to keep it one. The secret that is kept best is what people don't care to hear; and even here the possessor is apt to blab, from resentment at the neglect of his mystery.

There are two seasons of peril for an important secret—its birth and first reception, and when it is grown old and so familiar that the man's other thoughts have adapted themselves to it. De Quincey gives it as his opinion that, except where a secret is of a nature to affect some person's life, most men would not remember beyond two years the most solemn obligations to secrecy. After a lapse of time the substance of the secret will remain upon the mind, but how one came by it will be forgotten. There are secrets, we know, that never pass the lips of the possessor. There are people with strength of character, fidelity, or an ever-present fear, which enables them to live a long life and make no sign of a continually gnawing anxiety. At the best, this is among the greatest trials of temper and disposition. Something about a man is always worse for a mystery. It may be only his manner, if the secret has no guilt in it; but where the secret is caused by some personal fault, the mischief of wrong-doing is indefinitely aggravated by absolute brooding silence. Misers and hoarders have their secrets which they seem to have no temptation to tell, and which separate them from humanity, and so have those men whose life is one system of shams and false pretenses. Nothing can look what it is to one of these men guarding some hidden fraud; the mind becomes so fixed on the thought of preserving a secret which is life and death, that it comes at last to be himself against the world—against every person and thing outside his own consciousness. A selfish secret is the worst of all. We read of conspirators and nations of conspirators able, as a body, to keep secrets in the spirit of the solitary impostor, and with a patient vigilance which no temptation or surprise can betray. These are the people who are most remorseless when their time comes. Many secrets are well kept because there is no form of words at hand to tell them in; for whereas some slip out too naturally in the easiest narrative, others are irksome even in thought, from the complications and explanations they would involve. Secrets that are nice to tell have no chance against these. For this reason many very influential secrets of the heart die untold. The story is interesting, and, on some points, tempting to revive; but it would require too much that is not pleasant to set it attractively before the hearer.

The faithful keeper of a secret is not one who thinks of it mainly as such, but as a thing in its own nature, and, for certain reasons, better not told, and who never allows one to be confided to him if he can kindly and fairly avoid it. People who like secrets betray them, to show their own consequence, and to make themselves acceptable. Conscious fidelity has not much chance against the stimulus of showing yourself trusted; for, as Dr. Johnson has it, most men seem rather inclined to confess the want of virtue than of importance. People averse to secrets may be holders of them without being aware; that is, a thing is often a secret, or not, as it is regarded, for a secret is a thing *studiously* kept. A wise man may suppress certain things, instinctively and without study, as not fit to be told; and with such, an innocent secret is safest.

If a man has a weighty secret, it is superfluous to say that he does best to keep it to himself; but if he is not equal to the burden, or if, on other grounds, a confidant is needed, it is not well to fix upon a person naturally silent. Such a one is the most likely of all to blurt out your secret, from mere ignorance of the art of talking. The silent man has nothing he cares to say, and so says nothing; but this is no guarantee when he finds himself in the novel position of having something which he would *like* to say, and which others would like to hear. People are not taciturn from discretion. A natural easy habit of talking is the best veil for a secret. A good talker knows how to divert suspicion, and to give the conversation the direction he pleases. Persons naturally silent seldom know the right thing to say in an emergency. Neither must a secret ever be told to a person who would look down upon it. Full half the breaches of confidence are perpetrated in mere disdain. Thus husbands and wives betray each other's secrets. The wife tells what the husband lets fall of business, because she does not realize its importance. The husband betrays his wife and her friends to his familiars, from manly contempt of women's petty mysteries. The only safe confidant—apart from high personal qualities—is one with some community of interest in the affair itself.

RECOLLECTION.

REMEMBER me when long, long years have fled,
When all this past appears a shadowy dream;
Let me not float, a leaf upon the stream
Of memory, unwept, forgotten, dead!

Remember me, if far in other lands
When you can look no longer on my face;
Do not forget the now oft-sought embrace
In clasping other, perchance stranger, hands.

Remember me, if you should win their love,
When you will greet them with a happy kiss;
Remember that my lips were once your bliss;
They will not be more faithful, time will prove.

Remember me, if sickness rack your frame,
If none can cool your feverish, aching brow;
Think I would soothe you, were I near, as now,
And lull you with soft whispers of your name.

Remember me when, smiling, you bestow
A sunny glance on other eyes that shine;
Remember, once those smiles were only mine,
And ponder, was it well to bid me go?

Remember me, if grief should come to shroud
Your life in all the misery of woe;
If so-called "friends" should pass you by, and lo!
You find yourself alone in that vast crowd—

Remember me, and then with throbbing heart
Come back and call me to my place of rest;
My old, old home of quiet—on your breast—
And having come, we two will never part.

WRECKED.

"IT is an awful night!" I said, shuddering all over, as I heard the roar of the surf, the hideous wailing of the wind, and the dash of the rain against the window. We lived on the Cape coast, in the prettiest village ever cradled on its silvery sands, or bathed in the blessed sunshine—thrice blessed because of the fearful storms that darkened our horizon at times. My husband was out in the storm; he was the favorite physician in the village, because he was skillful, never pressed for his pay, and endured stormy nights and other hardships like a good-natured hero.

I could not go to rest this terrible night while Angus was away. He was always *my* Angus, though he was "the Doctor" to many others. I sat cowering over the fire, with my infant nestled in my lap in all the sweet peace of babyhood, wishing and longing for my husband. My heart was sinking with fear. I was sorry that he was a physician. If he had been a farmer, a teacher, a clerk, a tradesman, or a mechanic, he might have been in his bed now, and so I vainly regretted that *what might have been* was not. Very foolish I was, like many others. At last I heard his steps, and the outer door opened, and the blast blew him in, as it seemed, and with difficulty he shut the door. He came up stairs, and exclaimed, "Not in bed, Mattie? It is past midnight. Lay that little man away, and make haste after him. You should have been asleep two hours ago."

Angus spoke cheerfully, but there was a tremor in his voice, as if he were frightened, and did not wish me to know it. I looked up at his face. It was pale—as if he were dead.

"What is it, Angus?" said I.

"What is it? why, the hardest storm that ever blew great guns on our coast."

"But something troubles you, Angus. Is old Mrs. Pratt going to die?"

"No, not till she is a hundred years old. Make haste, Mattie, and go to bed. Dick will wake and cry presently, and the storm is bad enough without his storming."

I still looked into his pale face, and at that moment a dreadful sound struck my ear. Angus started to his feet.

"You heard it," said he.

It was the gun of a ship driving on the breakers, almost at our very doors; for we lived close to the sea, and on the most dangerous part of the coast.

"I saw her in a flash of lightning just before I came in," said Angus. "She was driving right on the rocks. Go to bed, Mattie, dear, and I will call John, and go down for Higgins and Dort, and see if any thing can be done."

Higgins and Dort were fishermen, and had boats, and ropes, and a great many things that might be needed in such a time as this.

"Angus," said I, "don't ask me to go to bed. Can I sleep while those poor creatures are in peril? Can I forget that you might be on board that ship?"

My husband called John, our man-of-all-work, again put on his storm garments, and silently kissing me and the baby, he went out. Again the booming gun sounded. It was much nearer now, or else the roar of the storm was somewhat hushed. I warmed some milk for my baby, for I knew I was too much frightened to nurse him. He waked hungry, and I fed him. He slept again, and I tried to look out into the pitchy darkness. I heard only the roar and crash of the storm. All is over with the ship, said I to myself. I waited for my husband, and for the morning, and longed to hear again the sound of the gun. I waited in vain for all. The morning seemed indefinitely postponed. It was early autumn, and the weather, though chilly, would not be fatal to the poor sailors, as the cold often is on our terrible shore. Day dawned at last, and when it was light enough I examined the beach with my husband's spy-glass. After a time I made out the ship, wedged in among the rocks, and the waves rising like hills and mountains over and against her. Meanwhile my husband and others were on the shore. I should have been with them but for my baby.

A barrel was sent ashore with a line wedged in at the bung-hole; when this was secured, a hawser was fastened to the line and drawn ashore by means of it. This hawser was drawn away from the breakers as much as possible, and firmly secured. One by one the men ventured upon this support. All came safely to the shore but the captain. He was the last to leave the ship, and by some means he lost, or never gained, the support of the hawser, and his lifeless body was thrown ashore at some distance from the point where the men were received. A young man, who had been the last to leave the ship before the captain, was passing to and fro on the beach in an agony of anxiety, when the body was thrown high upon the sand, almost at his feet. With a wild cry he seized upon what had been, a few minutes before, the animated master and preserver of them all. My husband was beside him. A fisherman brought a piece of sail, and they laid the body on it, and four men bore it to our house. The young man gave some directions to the sailors, and then followed the sad *cortége*. It was a miserable end of my suspense, but I was relieved. The rescued crew went on to Plymouth, after they had been provided with dry clothing and breakfast by the villagers, who supplied their wants with great kindness, and afterward gathered up their coffee and oranges, as they came ashore, with as much diligence as if they had been a bill of sale of the cargo.

A strange feeling thrilled through my heart as they brought the captain of the *Midas* to our house. I did not feel as if a corpse were being borne over our threshold.

"Angus," said I, "he is not dead."

"He is dead, my dear," said my husband, solemnly, at the same time drawing me away from the body.

The men placed their burden gently on the floor, and then they lingered, as if loth to leave.

"His friend and I can do all now," said Angus, very thankfully; "and, Higgins, you and Dort must go and see if you can't save some of the cargo that will be driving ashore. They will call us pirates or Arabs if it is appropriated, as the cargo of the *Mary Anne* was."

"Men don't consider it stealing to pick up a bag of coffee or a box of oranges on the sea-shore," said Higgins. "They would not take a cup of coffee or a single orange out of a shop for their right hands."

"I know," said Angus; "but you must tell them that somebody owns that cargo."

"We will see to it," said Dort, and then they all went away.

The young man had held his hand on the captain's heart, in the vain hope to discover warmth or motion.

"Angus," said I, "will you not put him in my bed? There is a fire in my room, and we must try to bring him to life; I am sure he is not dead."

Angus seemed out of patience with my unreasonable pertinacity; still he made a very thorough examination of the body, but failed to discover any signs of life. Then he turned to me, and said, "My dear, I will do every thing just as if I were as sure that he is alive as I am that he is dead."

He called John, and assisted by the young man, whose name was Wilson, they carried the captain to my room, where they took off his clothes, and laid him in my bed. Two women came in. I gave my little Richard to one, and employed the other in preparing the breakfast; and I devoted myself, with my husband and Mr. Wilson, to the endeavor to resuscitate the drowned man.

We raised the head on pillows at the back of the bed, and let the legs and feet lie over the front side of the bed in a pail of warm water. I laid flannel cloths on the chest and stomach, wrung out of hot water, or hot vinegar, or hot spirits, for I used all in turn, and Angus and Mr. Wilson and John rubbed the apparently lifeless body. All the time I felt sure the captain was alive, and I was impatient that I could not make Angus believe it too.

"My poor Mattie," said he, "the wish is father to the thought."

Mr. Wilson hardly spoke; he worked incessantly, never stopping to take any thing but some wine and water, when he was nearly fainting with exhaustion. Some of the time he was rubbing the body; again he was inflating the lungs with the bellows; and then he was fomenting with the warm flannels and spirits. At the end of six hours he sat down, and seemed despairing. He sat with his face buried in his hands, and then he rose, and flung himself on the bed beside the body. He clasped the cold form to his bosom, and exclaimed:

"Oh, my friend! how can I ever tell Annie and Lizzie that I left you to drown!"

Then he wept long and bitterly. My husband led him out of the room.

"It is all over, Mr. Wilson," said Angus. "Take a morsel of food, and go to bed; you are worn out; we will do the rest."

While they were gone out I examined, probably for the fiftieth time, the space over the heart. There was a scarcely perceptible warmth. Still it *was* perceptible. I ran down stairs to tell my husband. He was standing by Mr. Wilson, whose arms hung beside him as if they were palsied.

"There is warmth about the heart," I cried.

Wilson sprang to his feet as if he had been electrified. My husband looked at me with tender reproach, as much as to say, "Your hope is false and foolish;" but he did not speak, and we went up stairs. He examined the heart with his hand and his ear, and then bade Mr. Wilson do the same, saying, "*There is life.*"

Hope seemed to have animated Wilson with a new life, but my husband would not allow him to do any thing.

"If you will take some toast and wine, then you may work again, Mr. Wilson," said Angus.

I brought the food, and the young man ate, and then they again began their labor of love. The warmth at the heart increased, and then there was a faint fluttering, and in an hour more we were rewarded by the first struggling breath of our patient.

I never saw such joy as that of the young man when he knew that his friend was alive. Soon he was breathing steadily. He was not as much bruised as we had supposed at first, and he seemed strangely well when he became conscious. He took a cup of hot wine and water, and said:

"Let me go to sleep, Wilson, and I will wake as good as new. All hands are safe, you say, and I can afford to turn in and sleep till to-morrow or next day."

He smiled a good-natured, happy smile, and went to sleep.

"Now, Mr. Wilson," said I, "can't you follow such a good example?"

He lay down on a couch in the room with his captain, and I went away to my baby, as happy as I could be. Why can not we be as happy when all our friends are alive and well, and saved from the endurance of sorrow, day after day, as when a stranger is rescued from death! How near and dear these strangers seemed to us, though we had known them not yet a day! We sent word to Higgins that the captain was alive, and he and Dort came up, and with a quiet joy shook hands with us, seeming afraid to speak above their breath, lest they should awaken the sleepers. They spread the news, and the next morning a great many came to offer their congratulations.

The captain tried to rise early, but his head failed him.

"The more haste the worse speed," said he. "I meant to see home and wife to-day, but they will keep till to-morrow."

And he quietly laid his head back on his pillow.

"You are a jewel of a man," said my husband. "I expected you would be down on your luck, and scold, because you could not go home the day after you were drowned."

"I am very thankful for the chance of going home at all. All seemed so near, as if I were at my own door, when the storm struck us. But as I can't go to-day, the next best thing is to go to sleep."

We left him to the sleep he so much coveted, and went down to the parlor with Mr. Wilson, who had very little of the captain's patience—I suppose because he had not been drowned.

"You have been very kind, my friend," said he, "and before I leave you I wish to tell you something about myself. Three days ago I was going home with a heart full of hope. Now my hopes are gone, or indefinitely postponed; but I am happier than when I was hopeful. If I had been left to the terrible sorrow of going home with Captain Martell's body instead of his living, happy self, then I should have known trouble.

"Two years ago I begged my mother to let me go to sea. She is a widow, and I am her only son. She was not willing that I should be a sailor, but finding that I could not be happy at home, she consented to consult Captain Martell about me, and take his advice. Of course he advised her to submit to fate, and took me on his own vessel. Our first voyage was to China in the good ship *Midas*, that is beating herself to pieces out there on the rocks. We had a fine voyage, and came home laden with tea and silks. I was twenty years old when we reached home. I staid at the captain's house a day and night before I left for my own home, which is some distance from Plymouth. On this visit, at my captain's, I first saw his wife's sister, Annie Lawrence. I lost my heart to the dear girl. Annie was a lady, and her father was wealthy, and she had many suitors. She was eighteen years old, and had set her heart against the sea.

"'I will never marry a sailor, though he were captain of a golden ship,' said Annie. 'I would sooner marry an apothecary, and live at the back of the shop, and smell assafœtida all the time.'

"Captain Martell laughed. 'I remember,' said he, 'my wife said the same; but she got over her prejudices when she found that I could not be coaxed or driven.'

"My mother had a good property, and she put half of it in my hands to make ventures in our ship, and for a year past I have been trading with Captain Martell to the West Indies, and adding to my capital very rapidly. Just before our last voyage I felt determined to have a last word with Annie about the sea. She knew very well that I loved her better than all the world, though I had never told her so.

"You may think it strange that I should tell you all this, but you seem just as if you were my brother and sister. The night before we sailed was a lovely summer evening, and Captain Martell and his wife, Annie and I, were sitting in an arbor in the garden; for though the house is close to the town, they have a pretty garden. We were all very merry, probably because we were not happy.

"Mrs. Martell seemed to know that I wished to speak to Annie, and she drew her husband away, and left us alone.

"'Annie,' said I, 'are you in earnest when you say you will never marry a man who goes to sea?'

"'I am,' said she.

"'You know, Annie,' said I, 'that I am now second mate of Captain Martell's ship, and that when I am twenty-one, which will be next month, I shall be first mate.'

"'Is that any thing to me?' said she, almost harshly.

"'Annie,' said I, 'I love you, and if you have any regard for me, it is something to you.'

"She buried her face in her handkerchief, and wept passionately, terribly.

"'Oh, Ralph,' she said, 'you don't know how miserable I am! I have every thing to make me happy, people say, but I am miserable about the sea. I was wretched about Captain Martell before I knew you, but since I came to be your friend—'

"'To love me, Annie,' said I; 'do say that.'

"'Well, ever since the first day I saw you, and thought of your going on the hateful, treacherous ocean, I have dreamed about you every week, I verily believe. And I have always dreamed that you were wrecked, cast away on some dreadful breakers, and always you and Captain Martell were drowned. I have seen your bruised and bleeding bodies on the rocks and sands, and beaten about among the breakers, full fifty times. Oh, who would love a sailor, if it were possible to avoid it? Oh, if you could escape from the sea! But you can not. Captain Martell is your Fate; he will never leave the sea, and you will never leave him; and the end will be as I have seen it in my dreadful dreams so many times. And then what will become of Lizzie and me?'

"Again she wept passionately.

"'But, Annie, will you marry me if I leave the sea? I must go this voyage.'

"'You will never return alive,' said she; 'you and Captain Martell will be drowned. I saw you both last night, wrecked and cast ashore *dead*.'

"'Annie,' said I, 'if I return alive from this voyage will you marry me?'

"Her only reply was, that if we made the voyage we would both be drowned.

"I left her the next day in a great sorrow, and now I am going back to her penniless, for all my property was in the ship. How can I marry and be dependent on my wife?"

"It is better than being wrecked and drowned besides," said Angus.

"Better, but it is not well," said Ralph Wilson.

In the afternoon Captain Martell was able to get up and be dressed. In the evening he came down stairs.

"I shall be as good as new to-morrow," said he. "I wonder if the people here will gather the pieces of my poor *Midas*; if they do, doctor, save a piece for me big enough to make a cane. There is one comfort—we were insured, vessel and cargo."

"Insured!" exclaimed Wilson, "vessel and *cargo*?"

"Exactly. I should not have insured our cargo, but Annie begged me to do it; she said you would be ruined if we were wrecked, and that it would be hard for a young man to lose an independence just as he had gained it."

"Then she did not *quite* believe that I would be drowned," said Wilson, smiling.

The next day Captain Martell and Ralph Wilson went home. Some weeks after my husband received a letter from Mr. Wilson. I give an extract:

"I am married to my dearest Annie. Captain Martell and I are going into business together. We are going to be wholesale traders in coffee, tea, tropical fruits, etc. I promise Annie to give up the sea, and she promises me to give up dreaming.

"I wish you could have been at the wedding, but I knew that baby could not be brought, and would not stay at home, so you did not get an invitation. Next summer we shall come to visit you, even if you do not invite us; meanwhile, you will accept our love and the assurance of our deepest gratitude. We shall always pray heart-prayers for you. We are four of the happiest people in the world, and you were the means of all our happiness."

Besides this letter we got wonderful Christmas gifts from our friends; and from that time to this they have visited us every summer, and we have visited them every winter.

WHAT THE CYCLONE DID AT MASULIPATAM.

MAN has done something toward replenishing the earth, but shamefully little as yet toward subduing it. Where he has it pretty well under control, he is too apt to wear it out, without thought for those who come after. Thus, for instance, in the south of France people have only just found out that one generation has no right to cut down all the woods, and so subject their posterity to destructive floods whenever the rain comes heavily. That's the way man too often deals with the earth where he can manage it—leaves it like an old cotton-ground in Virginia, worthless for a century or so; or like most of "the Isles of Greece," so dried up and wholly worked out as to seem doomed to utter barrenness till the day of judgment. The fact is, man must give up coping so incessantly with his fellow-man, and take more to coping with Nature in places where he has hitherto been too submissive. Will man ever get to control the tempest? to regulate the earthquake and the eruption? Surely we may at least hope, some time or other, to know the law of storms so well as to foresee them, and so to be forearmed. We shall do much more than we have done if we go on for the next twenty years at the present rate of discovery.

Now this reflection is apropos of the late great cyclones in India. If the telegraph clerks at Kedgeree, by the Hooghly mouth, had sent on word to Calcutta the moment they felt the storm, scores of European ships and hundreds of poor craft might have been saved. But it was not their business to know any thing of the law of storms. There was no one to calculate the path of the cyclone (as calculable, they say, as the path of a comet), and so Nature's warning at Kedgeree was unavailing. Again, at Masulipatam, some forty-five thousand people were living mostly on land below the water-level, cut off from the sea by a bar which any extraordinary tide must wash over, packed in mud-hovels, to which the Devon cob-huts are palaces. No sea-wall; no protection. The calamity came. One great wave rushed over the town on the night of last All Saints; and in the morning over ten thousand people were drowned, and a little heap of wet mud marked the position of four houses out of five. Every body did his duty: the collector, the magistrates, the moonsiffs were indefatigable; the poor peons (policemen), two-thirds of whom had perished, stood by the magistrates and kept society together; and the native regiment quartered near the place, which lost sixty rank and file and nearly three hundred women and children, is described as having "behaved admirably."

We can read enough about Calcutta in the papers; this calamity to Southern India has made less noise; but the destruction is relatively more terrible; and our accounts are fresh from the spot, so that it will be our fault if they are not interesting.

The 31st of October was a bright, cool day, refreshing after the great heat and long drouth from which the district had been suffering. Next day, light misty rain and west wind. "In my morning drive (writes one) I was strongly reminded of some of our damp, warm autumn days at home." Toward evening the gale rose, still from the west. People roped down their verandas and made all snug for a squally night. About seven P.M. the barometer fell rapidly, and the wind passed round by north to due east, blowing furiously. The magistrate and his assistant determined to sit up and "see it out;" but they had not sat long when, between nine and ten P.M., a native servant rushed in, crying in broken English, "Sea come over us—sea come over us!" "Nonsense," cried the Englishmen; "get along with you!" But they are persuaded to go to the veranda, and there, true enough, the water is already surging up to the go-down (outer veranda); several natives come up swimming; and the first act of the magistrate is to haul in two or three half-drowned creatures, and to set a lamp as a beacon to others. In this way ten or twelve are saved; and then the water gets into the house, the chairs begin to float about and block up the staircase; and the whole party, fearing to be cut off, go into the upper rooms; natives praying, crying, and then sleeping; Englishmen getting into a sheltered corner, and then dozing off, too, from sheer exhaustion, to wake just before dawn and find themselves wet through, while the lightning is playing over their heads, the roof having been torn off, fortunately in one piece, while they were asleep. What a scene when the sun rose! nearly three feet of water still over the low ground; corpses every where; men and bullocks washed into verandas, and lying about in "compounds" (grounds round a gentleman's house); the town nowhere; here and there a baked brick or chunam house standing (mostly roofless) amidst the waste. Not a tree spared, except those which (like some palms) yield to the blast. One wave had done it all; but that wave spread so far that a lot of arrack casks were found six miles inland, and was so strong that it lifted up one of the harbor lock-gates and dashed it on a strongly-built house, crushing it like a nut-shell. The sepoys' lines were swept down like card-houses; the salt mounds woefully shrunk; the rice in store all damaged, so that every one had to be set to work to crush the husk off the paddy (rice in the hull), of which there was fortunately plenty; and one of the things most urgently called for from head-quarters was a supply of pestles and mortars, that all hands might be kept employed. Then the wells were all sanded up, or spoiled with salt-water: only one fit to drink from in the whole place. The Treasury wrecked; all native records and such of the English ditto as were on the lower shelves destroyed; and among the laughable incidents, "the whole stock of stamps, official and postage, swept away;" a fresh supply "urgently requested;" and (the doctor writes) "my case of instruments was found, five days after, full a mile off." Sad stories of European suffering during that wild night: saddest of all, the fate of the little scholars at Mr. Scharkey's Church Mission School for native girls—thirty-five drowned out of fifty. One poor lady, writing "with a thankfully sorrowful heart," tells how she and hers "passed a night of terror, with three feet water in the highest rooms, huddled together on a side-board, wet (for the roof was off), and the children choking all the time with whooping-cough." In every case Europeans and Eurasians have lost all their clothes and personal effects—no light loss, we can readily understand, to people lately started in official life. Every thing in India, too, is one hundred per cent. at least above its English price. Yet there is no sign of whining from any but the missionaries. One of these gentlemen from up-country, where they had only wind—though that was bad enough, marking its track, writes a native tahsildar (headman of a district), by leveled crops, and cattle killed by falling trees or buildings—finds time to groan over "our vegetables which were promising so well, and are now just spoiled;" and "our custard-apples, which are stripped of their fruit and most of their leaves;" and "the Rev. Mr. Darling's arm, which has received some injury, we have not yet heard what." These holy men are often accused by old Indians of a little over-regard for creature-comforts, and surely the reverend writer of the above seems to justify the imputation when he can talk of cabbages and custard-apples, while one-fifth of the people of the Kistna district are dead and four-fifths houseless, while there are thirty-five thousand in Masulipatam who must starve but for the immediate government help. They get cooked rice now, and are paid for burying the dead, and have leave to use up the fallen trees for rebuilding their huts; so that, for the present, they manage to hold out. By-and-by will come the rub, for the crops along the whole sea-board, soaked with brine, will never grow again.

Naturally the first great want was coolies to bury or burn the dead, to unstop the wells, etc. These were soon sent in by the different collectors up the country. The stench is described as terrible (one writer says he rowed up the river; "it was full of corpses"). Fortunately it is winter, but disease is always dreaded for a population constantly at starving point. The Madras Government talked of sending off at once the president, etc., of the Sanitary Board to "take proper measures." Of course they sent tents, disinfectants, food, etc., freighting a steamer which was luckily at hand; promising, too, to remit taxes, and relax "jungle conservancy laws." The collector, who had written for leave to spend thirty thousand rupees, and who apologizes for sending his rough draft, being fairly beat after five hours' hard work in the open air, is empowered to do "whatever may suggest itself to him." Immense power these civilians have. A young fellow not seven years from England is found acting as high sheriff and chancellor of the exchequer over a tract as large as Devon. It is an ugly name, "Collector," savoring of John Company's bad old times, but they who answer to it have, on the whole, always nobly sustained the English character for uprightness, and self-restraint, and perfect incorruptibility.

It took twelve days to clear away the worst of the débris, and get rid of the dead men and animals. The immediate neighborhood could not help much; for the storm was felt full twenty miles inland. At Bunder, for instance, almost the whole police force was killed: further off, in a navvies' village connected with the Kistna anicut works, not a house was left standing. A resident in Nursapur, going into Masulipatam to inquire after some friends, finds the village of Kottha Sâvady entirely swept away. Of a large choultry, where travelers had rested for years, nothing was left but two strong posts with their cross beam, by clinging to which the only two persons who escaped out of all the inhabitants were saved; some of the heavy brick walls of the choultry had been driven more than a hundred yards by the force of the water. A hundred trees were found broken across within half an acre; and where they were still standing further inland, the weed was hanging in them at nine feet from the ground. Of course there were, as at Sheffield, marvelous escapes; men swept along for miles, and then landed on trees, to which they were able to cling; houses left standing because they were to leeward of some larger building which gave way. On the water, too, the ruin was great. Boats, coasting and ferry, came to grief in great numbers; of three ships that were in the harbor, two—an Arab and a French ship—broke their moorings, and drove ashore; the third, an English brig, rode out the gale.

The Masulipatam people are as helpless as the Lancashire mill-hands. Well, we mustn't become political; we have seen what a revolving storm can do along the Coromandel coast. Let us be thankful that there are no cyclones here; and that our sea-walls too are a tolerable protection against such "high tides" as that of which Jean Ingelow sings so sweetly; and which we suppose are due to a fit of sudden fury on the moon's part, or to the sea forgetting for a moment its "Thus far shalt thou go, and no further."

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

HOW TO LEARN TO SPEAK IRISH.—Put a three-cornered bit of the blarney stone in your mouth, and keep it well moistened with whisky that has never seen "the ugly eye of a gauger." Our Hibernian readers will explain this among themselves.

WANTED.

A pair of spectacles to suit the eyes of potatoes.
The club with which an idea struck the poet.
A stick to measure narrow escapes.
The identical hook and line with which an angler caught a cold.
An umbrella used in the reign of tyrants.

ADVICE TO BACHELORS.—How to get rid of your surplus cash. Marry a small "widdy" with a large family.

SOMETHING THAT TICKLES THE "FANCY"—A tremendous hit.

THE WORST ORGAN-GRINDER—A hollow tooth that plays the deuce.

PLEASANT.—To *fall* in with a pretty girl at a skating frolic.

People who impoverish themselves by making presents may properly be called victims of the *tender* passion.

A Yankee has invented a machine for grating people's feelings.

Why is a petroleum dealer like an epicure?—Because he lives on the fat of the land.

A one-legged miller is at once a miller and hopper.

Why is a superfluity like a retired waiter?—Because it's an ex-tray.

"Are you fond of novels?" said Mrs. Jones. "Very," responded the interrogated gentleman, who wished to be thought by the lady questioner a lover of literature. "Have you ever read," continued the inquisitive lady, "Ten Thousand a Year?" "No, madam," said Jones, "I never read so many in all my life."

Why is friendship like an addiction to ardent spirits?—Because it conduces to hand-shaking.

OVERTIPULATION.—A coroner's jury in Wales returned as a verdict in the case of a woman who died suddenly, that "she died from congestion of the brain, caused by *overtipulation*."

GRIEF.—A young lady being told that her lover was suddenly killed, exclaimed, "Oh, that splendid gold watch of his! Give it to me that I may remember him and cherish his dear memory."

WANTED BY A BACHELOR JEWELER.—A wife with a neck of pearl, ruby lips, "brilliant" eyes, golden hair, a silvery tongue, and a perfect jewel of a temper.

Widow Partington has recently paid a visit to the menagerie, and thus relates her experience, for the instruction of whom it may concern: "You see, my dears (that's her way of addressing all the world and the rest of mankind), I never was in such a Noah's ark of a place before, and naterally I was considabully frustrated and discomforted. Thar was the elephant, with his orful long prognosis, and the taper on the same plan, but couldn't hold a candle to him; and the juggler, or South American tiger, a tricky varmint; and the conder, and the Anna Conder, which I s'posed to be the conder's sister, but it turned out to be a sarpint; and the eddicated mule, that sartingly hadn't ben eddicated at a school where they taught manners; and the japanned swine—Lord sakes! how they did smell of the varnish; and the painter, that was continually brushing from one side of his cage to the other; and the six-banded peccadillo, from South America; and the cammomile of the African desert; and the gaysell, that I wanted to buy, but the price was redickalus; and the four performing quadrupies, that Van Humbug went into the cage tew. Oh, it was a remarkable expedition of the works of nater, and well calkillated to teach the most onreflecting that we are all frightfully and wonderfully made!"

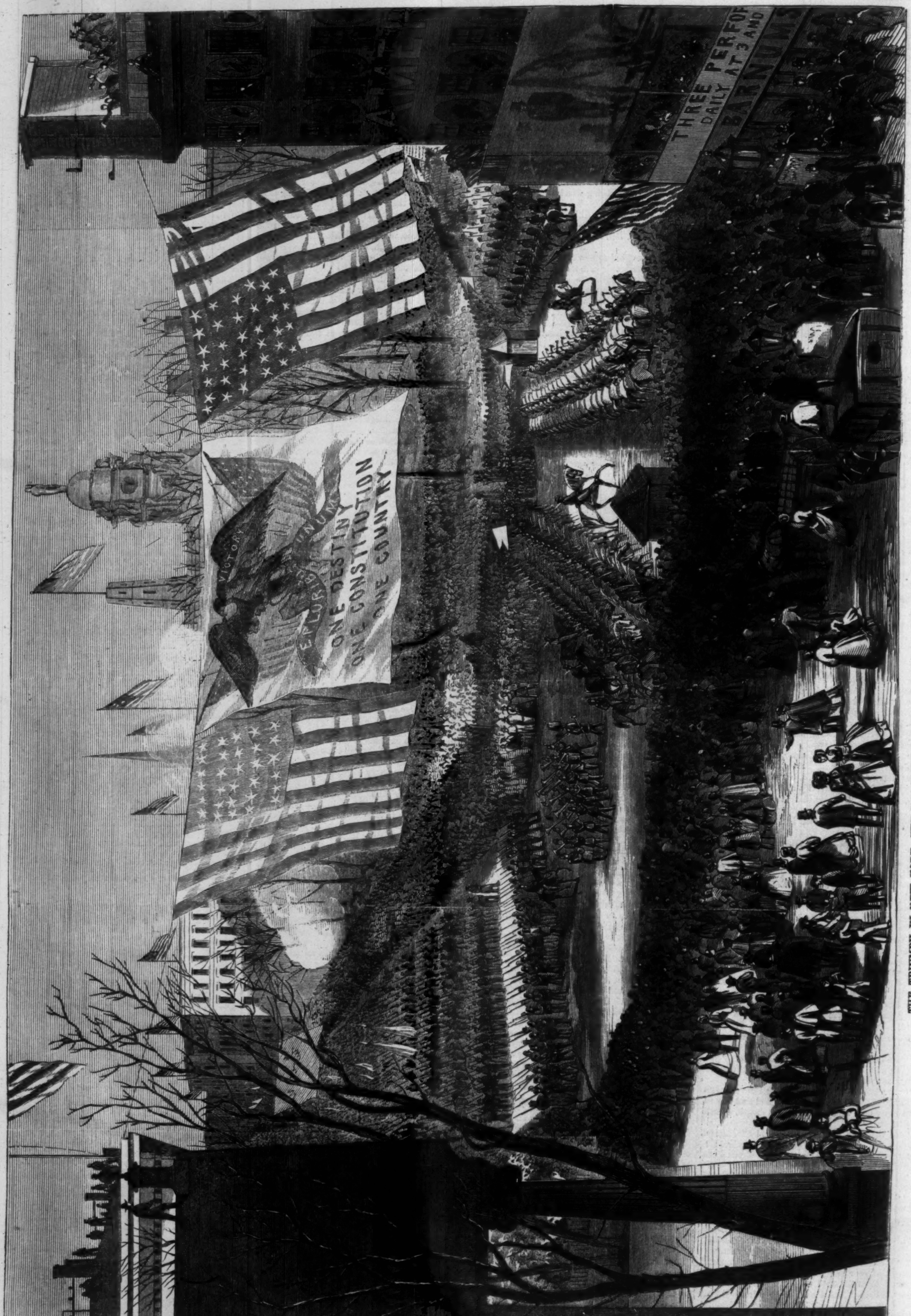
Two gentlemen having a difference, one went to the other's door early in the morning and wrote "Scoundrel" upon it. The other called upon his neighbor, and was answered by a servant that his master was not at home, but if he had any thing to say he might leave it with him. "No, no," said he, "I have nothing of importance to say. I only wished to return your master's visit, as he left his name at my door in the morning."

DOCTOR.—"This hyar babe's got the small-pox; and I ain't posted up on pustules. We must approach this case by circular treatment. You give the little cuss this draught. That'll send him into fits. Then send for me. I'm a stunner on fits."

Professional thieves are notoriously dense, hence the proverbial expression, "*Thick* as thieves."

Two clergymen were conversing together, when one complained to the other that he found it a great hardship to preach twice on a Sunday. "Well," said the other, "I preach three times, and *make nothing of it*."

It is always exceedingly pleasant to be generous, but very vexatious to pay debts.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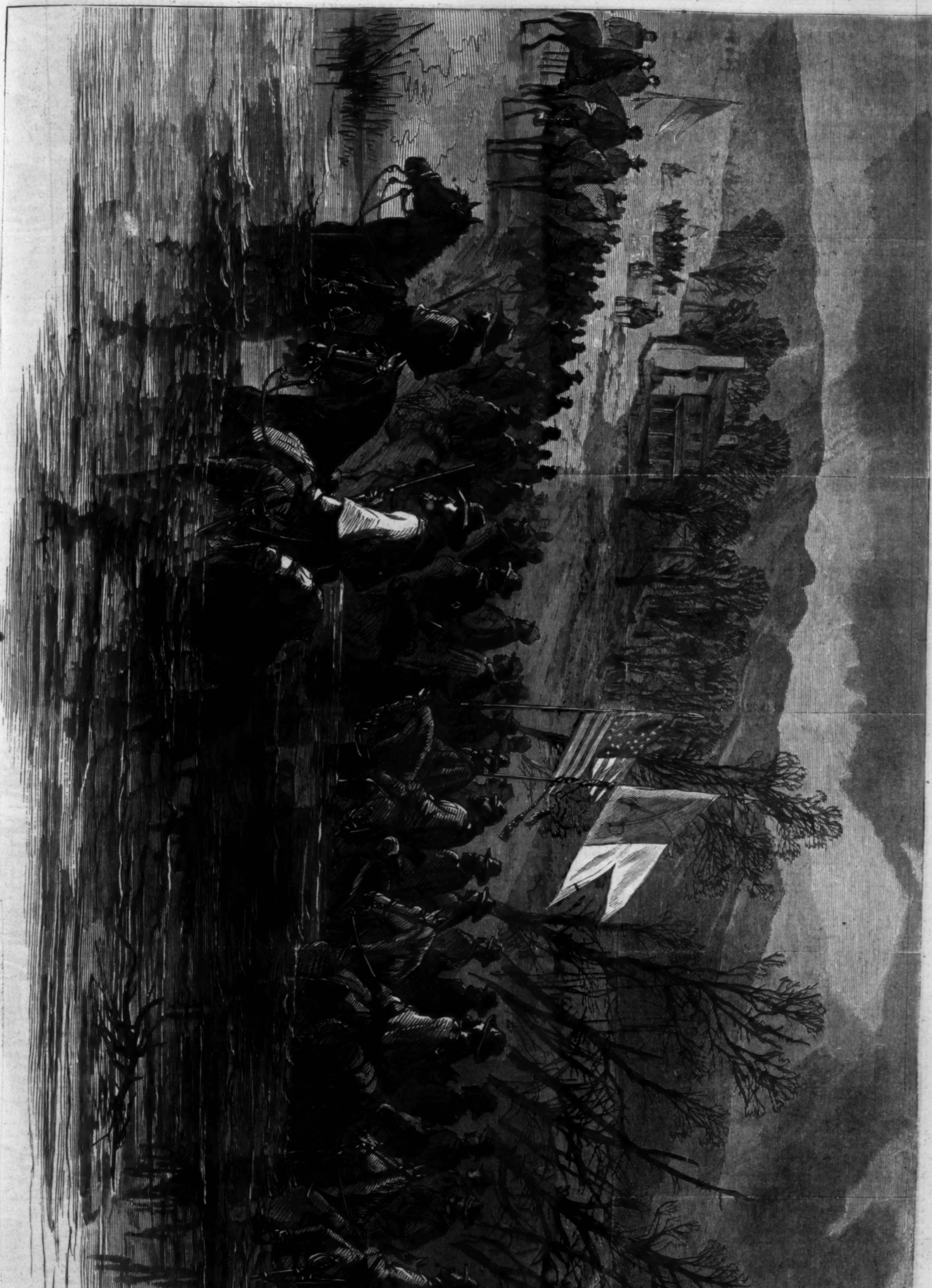
THE TRIUMPH IN NEW YORK—THE PROCESSION PASSING AROUND THE SOUTH END OF THE PARK.—[SEE FIRST PAGE.]



GEN. PHIL SHERIDAN MOVING UP THE VALLEY.—[SEE PAGE 179.]

MARCH MUSINGS.

THE March wind blows across the sea,
And through the pine-trees o'er my head
Its voice is as the voices dead.
What are the words it speaks to me?

Hard to define: for as it sweeps
Through the thick branches on its way,
The echoes quickened by its sway
Are heard by me as one who sleeps.

Heard as the memories that wake
From their long rest when, in an hour
Least marked, we find a faded flower,
And straightway all the fetters break

That bound the past in silence. So
Floats back the soul upon that stream
Whose current passes as a dream,
Whose waters all so stilly flow.

The wild March wind smites on my face
With stinging strength; and yet the past
Rises so surely and so fast
That I scarce feel it for a space.

What says the March wind? Does it speak
Of its work done a year agone,
When eyes that erst so sweetly shone
With love's light darkened as the weak

Last sigh of life was swept away,
By the cold March blast which had been
Laden with arctic chills all keen,
Sealing *her* doom ere break of day?

In vain, in vain the sunny South,
In vain the work of love and care,
Though love grew maddened with despair,
To touch with life the rose-bud mouth.

IN THE UNTRODDEN WAYS.

MY brother Willie and I were orphans. There was a large family of us once—six children, boys and girls equally divided. We lived, with our parents, in an old house in the country, and had no near neighbors. A desolate place every body thought it, and I suppose it was so, but I loved it from its being the only home I had ever known, and full of old associations. I'm afraid it was an unwholesome place. It was nestled down deep amidst trees and great well-grown evergreens—splendid evergreens, and so shady in summer; but it is true that they did hold the damp dreadfully; from some of the windows we could stretch out our hands—as children we used to amuse ourselves when it was too wet to go out, by doing so, and plucking the leaves and blossoms. The house, too, from foundation to roof, was hidden by creepers, ivy, and honey-suckle, and roses, all growing so thick that the windows were just peep-holes, and great straggling sprays used to wave across them, and up above the line of the roof cornice. Oh, lovely in summer the roses and the woodbine were! clustering in long trailing masses about the walls, and hanging over the porch, and making shelter for dozens of sparrows' nests. There were, too, great bowery elms and ashes, and one huge walnut-tree almost leaned against the house, overhanging a part of it, built as a lean-to; beautiful it looked; but in wet weather, and ours was a very wet part of the country, the perpetual drip, drip of it and the climbers had a dreary sound; and in the autumn the leaves used to choke up the gutters, and make such floods through the ceilings. Almost all of them were stained by these overflows, and when I was a little child, and used to wake early—the chattering of the sparrows in the greenery about the window often woke me at daylight—or when I was ill, which was not unfrequently the case, I used to lie in my little bed and trace figures and images in those stains. Things laid by for a while got mildewed and mouldy, and some of the rooms, the ones under the walnut-tree, and those to the north, where the laurels and rhododendrons—*such* rhododendrons!—grew close against the walls, were, I must say, sadly dark and cold, and so damp that the paper used to peel off the walls. The garden and lawn, too, were lovely shady places; but I suppose they, too, may have been somewhat overgrown, for the flowers never throve there, and the grass was nearly always soppy, and the walks wet and moss-grown.

Whether this had any thing to do with it or not—sometimes I fear it may have had, though I feel as if it were treason against the dear old place to say so—we certainly were not a healthy family, nor yet a long-lived one.

My father farmed his land himself; it gave him something to do, he said, and, indeed, if he had not had that, I don't think he would have done any thing. I suppose he could not have been called an energetic man; but he was a kind man as ever was, dear father! and never teased or troubled any one about him, but let things take their course. He did not make much of the farming, but as we had enough to live upon comfortably, it did not so much signify. The land was wet and heavy, and wanted such a lot of draining, and the hedges and banks were so thick and high, they took up a deal of space and kept the air and sunshine off the fields. We did not think of those things then in our part of the country, and it's only since I have lived where I do now that I've learned them. There was generally something the matter with the sheep or the cattle, or the potatoes got the disease, or the hay heated, or the rats got so ahead that they ate up half the corn, and the young ducks and chickens too. Farming—at all events it was so with us—is, I do think, a very unsatisfactory sort of thing; though I took great pleasure in it myself in those days, in the poultry-yard especially, and in rearing the calves, only they would die so often.

However, as I have said, my dear father never took these things much to heart. So long as he could saunter about, seeing to things, and get a day's shooting now and again, and have his nap after dinner, all went smoothly with him.

My mother was just as easy-going as my father. A pretty, fair woman, I remember her, always delicate, and going about the house, or sitting on her sofa with a shawl; a sweet-looking creature, gentle and placid, but with a great dislike to trouble of any kind, or being put out of her way. She seldom left the house, summer or winter, and year by year she got paler and more fragile, and by degrees the little cough I always remember her having, got worse, and used to disturb her at night. The few visitors we saw used to advise her seeing a doctor. But she always replied it was nothing, she would be better when the spring came, or the summer, or whatever the next season might be that was coming. They told her they did not think the place agreed with her; it was so damp; but she only smiled, and said, quietly, "Do you think so?" and thought no more about it. We children, too, throve no better than the beasts on the farm; and yet I don't think there was any hereditary disease in the family; I never heard of any, at all events. But we grew up slight and pale, and weedy, and were always having colds, and sore-throats, and croup. The quantity of mustard that was used in plasters was enough, and more than enough, I'm sure, to have served with all the pigs and oxen we ever reared.

Then there came a hard winter. Oh well I remember it!

My sister Janey, sweet little blue-eyed thing, the image of mamma, got a terrible cough and pain in her chest, and the usual mustard plaster and currant-jelly water did no good. She got worse and worse, now shivering, now glowing with fever, and at last mamma thought that maybe it would be better to send for a doctor. But when the doctor came it was too late. She had inflammation of the lungs, and died next day. The doctor said it was very unwise to let us go as we did all the year round, with bare arms and necks and legs, running in and out of the house. But we had always done so, and mamma thought that nonsense; it made children hardy, she said, so no change was made. But by-and-by Roger, the stoutest of us, was taken ill, much in the same way, and before the New Year *he* went too, and was laid beside Janey. Then mother grew weaker and weaker, and coughed awfully, and could neither sleep nor eat. Ah me, ah me! it breaks my heart to think of that time.

In a word, she was in a consumption before any body in the house thought there was any thing serious the matter. She lingered through the spring and summer, and in the autumn she died. It took my father by surprise, just as much as if her death were sudden. He could not and would not believe he was to lose her. He did what I have since noticed so many people do, watching over the sick-beds of those they love too well to own they must learn to do without them. He took notice of every little favorable symptom, and overlooked every alarming one; he never would go back to remember how much weaker she was than she had been three months ago. If she had a better night, or ate with any appetite, or seemed interested in any thing, *that*, he considered, showed a real improvement, while the many bad nights, and the habitual dislike to food and the sad weary listlessness, were mere accidental and passing states. He never recovered the shock of her death; he became a silent, worn, broken-down man, and died two years later.

Within the next seven years Lena and Charlie followed, and there were Willie and I left alone in the old house, without a near relation, or, I may say, an intimate friend in the world.

You may guess if I loved Willie! He was two years younger than I was, and even while the others lived, we two had been dearest of all to each other. Oh, the sweet boy he was! with his soft eyes, and delicate skin, and fine hair, like a child's always. He was tall and slender, such a willowy figure, and his hands white and transparent, like mamma's. I used to tremble all over if I heard him cough, and often I would wake up in the night, shivering from some horrible dream of his being ill, and going, like the rest. Sometimes I used to think to myself, maybe it was true the place was not healthy, or that, at all events, it did not suit us. But where to go? How could we two, I a girl of twenty, Willie but eighteen, leave this, our own place, that we had never been away from since we were born, and go out to seek a home in the wide, wide world? Still, was I to see my Willie perish before my eyes, without even an attempt to see if a change might not save him?

So one night, when we were sitting alone and silent over the fire—we seldom talked much, for, as you may suppose, we had rarely much that was new or pleasant to talk about, and I was listening to that drip, drip, that I have said was so dreary—I ventured to open the subject. I took Willie's soft thin head, and put it against my cheek, and held it there, looking into the fire while I spoke.

"Willie, dear, how it rains!"

"It *always* rains, I think," he said.

"Well, I do believe it rains more here than in most other places. I'm afraid it rains too much to be very healthy."

"Oh, there's no harm in the rain, if it wasn't so dreary."

"But sometimes I'm afraid there *is* harm in it, and in the damp. I do think it hasn't agreed with us all."

"Oh, it wasn't that! A place we've been used to all our lives can't disagree with us. And if it did, where else could we go to?"

"There's the question. But I do think we ought to try to get a little change."

But Willie wouldn't hear of it then, so the matter dropped for the moment. Poor dear, he hated change or movement, or the sight of strangers, so that I could not find it in my heart to urge him. Besides, I had another reason, a foolish one, perhaps, but still it was so. We had determined together, when we were first left alone in the world, that henceforth we were to be all in all to each other. We would never marry, nor go out into society, nor be separated for one week, but live and die together.

Now, I thought, perhaps if I press it upon him, he may think I am speaking for myself; that it is I who want change, and another life, and other companionship than his.

And so the time went by, and I could see that my Willie's little strength and spirit were going with it, and in my own mind I resolved something should be done, and ere long what the thing should be.

Willie's godfather lived in Rockminster, which was about nine miles from us, and in a higher and drier part of the country. He was a banker there, a kind man, and well to do, and was about the only person who had continued to remember much about us, and take an interest in us. It was our own fault that more persons did not do so; for when we were left alone, many, even of those we hardly knew, came to see us, and offered their services, and asked us to their houses. But we were shy and sad, and unused to strangers, and shrunk from them. So these good people, seeing it was no use to notice us, let us alone. But Mr. Heath would not be put off so. He had known my dear father when they were both boys, and his position with regard to Willie made him feel that he had a duty and a right as respected him. Still, though he came to see us as often as he could, and was anxious that Willie should take some occupation that would draw him into a more active mode of life, and bring him in contact with more people, he, in the face of Willie's constant objection to any change, by degrees left off urging him. For Willie, like many quiet people, was very determined when he took a resolution, and even I always approached any difficult subject with much diffidence and many precautions.

However, on this occasion I resolved to see what was to be done with Mr. Heath to get Willie into a new sphere, where both body and mind might be brought into more healthy action. For it wore my life out to see him, day after day, doing nothing but hanging about the place, in and out, in and out, weary, listless, and hopeless. Besides, too, he had taken to smoking a great deal more than was good for him, and I wanted to put a check on that.

So I wrote to good Mr. Heath, laying before him all my cares, and desires, and perplexities, but requesting him not to let Willie know I had done so. It was the first secret I ever had from my darling boy, and when I went out to post my letter myself in the village, and he, sitting in front of the door smoking, and occasionally throwing a stone at a sparrow, asked me where I was off to, I felt like a guilty creature being found out.

Two days after Mr. Heath came over. Before he had been many minutes in the house he opened the business. He told Willie that he was in want of, not exactly a clerk in the bank, but a young man of a superior position in life—a gentleman, in short, in whom he could have perfect confidence, to employ in copying letters and other light work. The duties were very trifling; the salary, to begin, would be a hundred a year; he should live with his own family, if he liked, and he pointed out all the advantages of the scheme, and the pleasures of this new life in such glowing terms, that I could see Willie, for once, was shaken. "But the farm," Willie said, "and the house, and Bessie?"

"Why, you'll let the farm and the house for a good sum. I know a man who would be extremely likely to take them; and, as to Bessie, she would come and live in Rockminster, and you could, if you preferred it, live with her. What does Bessie say?"

Hitherto Bessie, listening with all her ears, had said nothing, knowing that it was better to let Mr. Heath have his say out ere she chimed in. Now, however, I, as if this was the first I had heard of it, said as calmly as I could, that I really thought the affair was well worthy of consideration, and that I, for my part, could see no objection. However, Willie, half inclined, but fearing to commit himself, asked time to reflect, and Mr. Heath rode off, pretty well satisfied.

You may suppose all the pros and cons that followed, and what work I had to keep the former in view without appearing too anxious in the matter. However, the upshot of it all was that Willie consented to accept the proposition on one condition; namely, that Grimwold should still be our home. We would let the farm, but keep the house and grounds, and he would ride or drive over to Rockminster and back every day. I saw much to object to in this plan; especially I feared the fatigue, and the risks of bad weather. Still it was something gained, and as Willie had been used to occasional riding from his childhood, and was all the better for it, and that now the summer was set in, and the weather was not likely to cause much uneasiness, I made up my mind to eat my half-loaf with as much contentment as I could.

And soon I saw good reason for contentment. Willie was less tired than I expected, and he ate and slept far better. He got quite a nice brown over his dear pretty face, and of an evening, instead of smoking in silence, he used to tell me about his day, what he had done, and who he had seen, and about Mr. and Mrs. Heath and their children; and sometimes he used to be quite in spirits, and tell me funny things that made us both laugh as we had not laughed since we were children.

I found it very lonely, the long day, at first. But then I used to make myself as busy as I could about the house and in the garden, and contriving nice dinners for him, and then when the time drew near for his arrival, I made myself quite smart—he got to notice my dress now, and how I did my hair, and told me how the Miss Heaths wore theirs—and was ready at the gate to open it for him and welcome him home, and hear and tell all the events of the day.

Very kind the Heaths were; they often asked me to go and spend some days with them, and invited me to their parties, of which they gave a good many. I could not always refuse; but ah, I found it but weary work! I was so unused to strangers, and to dress, and somehow or other I always felt so much more bereaved and lonely among that gay, healthy, loving family, than in my own quiet old home, where the memories of those who were gone kept me far more congenial company. I suppose my youth had died out of me when they died, and I was no longer able to take my place among the living. Not that at home I was unhappy, or even uncheerful; far from it, now that my precious boy was getting to what I wanted him to be.

So two years went by and Willie was made a man of. His figure, though still slight, was no longer of that excessive slenderness and suppleness. His face had brightened and lost its soft girlishness; he moved about actively; he took to cricket and foot-ball with the young men of the village, and played in the matches, for Mr. Heath was always ready to give him a holiday, especially for such purposes.

As time went on Willie got to enjoy his new life more and more; he became fond of society instead of hating and shrinking from it, as he used to do, and not unfrequently he staid a night at Rockminster for dinners and dances. He was vexed, dear boy, that I could not follow his example, and used to urge me to do so. But where was the use? It was no pleasure to me, and I felt it would be no credit to him for me to be there, lost in the solitude my own sadness and loneliness made around me in the midst of strangers. Whereas, when he came home and told me all about it, I could thoroughly enjoy it all, and asked him as many questions about his partners and their looks and dresses, and the dances and the music and the supper, as if I had longed to be there myself.

He had often talked to me of his greatest friend in Rockminster, Walter Ray. Such a fine fellow, he said, so good-looking and bright and good-tempered; such a shot, and such a rider, and such a cricketer, a fellow who could do any thing. I knew Walter Ray quite well from Willie's constant accounts of him, yet I was somewhat startled when one day Willie told me that he meant next evening to bring his friend home with him to play at the cricket match that was to take place the day following.

"Oh, Willie," I said, "how can *we* entertain strangers?"

"Nonsense!" Willie replied; "Walter's no stranger to me, and therefore he mustn't be to you; and what does he want more than we have ourselves every day? He's delighted at the thought of coming, and he'll cheer you up, you old goosy girl, as you haven't been for many a long day."

Of course I said no more, and as soon as Willie was off I went to see about getting a room ready for him. Rooms enough there were, Heaven knows! all sad rooms, never inhabited since the corpses of those who had dwelt in them had been carried out. But it would not do to think of that now; so I chose the sunniest, and had a fire lit in it, for even though it was June it struck damp and chilly when I opened the door. By-and-by, however, when it was well aired, and the roses and honey-suckles peeped curiously in at the long unopened windows, as though they were astonished to see preparations for any body's coming to make the room alive again, and when I had put flowers on the mantle-piece, and arranged every thing in apple-pie order, it did look cheery enough. And then I had to go and see what we could do about having a nice dinner, and the plate well polished up, and getting out the silver candlesticks and tea-pot, and the beautiful old Worcester china breakfast-set, and the scarlet and gold dessert service. Then I had to be off to the village to see if I couldn't beg, borrow, or steal some strawberries and cherries to put into it, for none of ours, hardly, were ripe yet.

And so the day passed away I didn't know how till I found I had only just time, after I had shown Eliza how to set out the table, to smooth my hair and put on a clean muslin gown, before Willie and his friend should arrive.

They came laughing up the drive, just as I had gone into Mr. Ray's room to give a last look, and see that every thing was ship-shape. My heart beat, and I felt so foolishly fluttered, that I dared not go down at once and meet the stranger in the hall. I stole to the window, and peeped through the roses; his face was turned upward at that moment, looking at them, I fancy, and, though he could not have seen me, I started back, as if I had been caught in some guilty trick. But the glance, brief as it was, that I had of his face, reassured me. Still I lingered, till Willie's voice, calling me from the foot of the stairs, brought me down to the presence of our guest.

I don't know how it was, but in half an hour I had quite forgotten that Walter Ray was a stranger, and found myself chatting to him almost familiarly. Dinner passed delightfully; he was more amusing than any one I had ever met in my life, not that *that* is much to say. He had been in all sorts of out-of-the-way places—South America, the shores of the Bosphorus, the Isles of Greece, and he intended in another year to start for Australia, and, if he liked it, settle there.

It was Willie's custom, be it known, to take a nap after dinner.

Poor dear, his long ride home used to tire him just enough for this, and he used to drop off like a child, as I sat with my work, talking to him. I had hoped he would keep awake to-night, it would look so uncivil, and when I saw him settling down in the arm-chair, and heard him flag in the talk, I fidgeted in my seat, and coughed and cleared my throat; in vain, his eyelids would droop and droop, and quite drop, and his head fall helplessly aside against the back of the chair. I coughed louder, and let fall a book, but Willie's eyes just opened for a moment, and then closed again.

I glanced toward Mr. Ray; he was watching my manœuvres with some amusement.

"Are forty winks tabooed in your house, Miss Osborne?" he asked, smiling.

"Oh no; I don't mind Willie's sleeping in general, but—"

I felt I was saying something stupid, and stopped.

"But you don't like him to betray the weakness to me? I'm afraid I've set him the example before now, so pray don't let that disturb you. But how do *you* pass your evenings? do you never find it hard to get through them, after the long, lonely day?"

"Oh no; I am used to this kind of life and no other, and I would not change if I could."

"And yet," he said, half to himself, half to me, "what a life it is to one of your age! I know what the force of habit is; how prisoners learn, after long years of confinement, to dread removal; how women can fit themselves into the niche that is made for them, however narrow it be. Yet such a life is not natural, till the years that have brought the stormier experiences of life to them have ended by bringing the desire for rest. It can't last forever, you know," he continued, looking at me.

"But I think it will. I don't see what is to change it."

He shook his head.

"When one of you marries, how then for the other?"

"We never mean to marry, either of us."

He smiled.

"You think so? Why not?"

"Oh, that we decided on when first we were left alone."

"I know you are in earnest. But you will see. If one of you kept such a vow even, it is impossible both should. Ah, how little you know of life!"

A sudden pang shot across me.

"You know something?" I said, glancing across at Willie; I dared not mention his name, knowing such utterance always disturbs a sleeper.

"No, I give you my word. I only speak from what I know of life. Besides, he is but a boy! At twenty there is little chance of such a change. I am five years older, but I have no present prospect of becoming a Benedick. I must wait for my unknown Beatrice, till I have a home to offer her, and till I am quite sure she is the *real* Beatrice. Don't despise us for the confession, but most of us meet a good many Rosalines before we discover Juliet."

Whether it was conveyed to Willie by the instinct a sleeper generally has of his being the subject of conversation, or what, I can't say; but at this point he woke, and the talk ran on the cricket-match till bedtime.

After that Walter came often; I need not pretend that I did not learn ere long to see he came for me. And then rose in my heart a great struggle. This must not be; yet how prevent it?

Inexperienced as I was in the ways of the world, I should hardly have understood how to signify—as some women can by a hundred little nameless indications, without giving offense—to a lover I cared not for, that his pursuit was a vain one. How then assume an indifference I did not feel? How keep the boundary line I knew he would soon seek to overstep, when my heart rose up to welcome him over it?

Think what my life was, and what his coming made it! Think of the long, solitary days which, whatever I did, left me more or less free to think of him. How his image became associated with every thing around me, every occupation. Nothing to take me out of myself and him, no change of scene to divert my thoughts, no society to divide my interest. He was coming, and I longed for and dreaded it! he was gone, and left me a world of thoughts and recollections, to turn over and fill and feed my heart with, so that I hardly missed him ere he returned.

And all this was vain, idle, hopeless—must be kept down and put away. But how? Ah, how?

One day, early in the afternoon, I was in the garden, and started to hear a horse's footsteps on the gravel of the drive. Could Willie have come home thus soon for some unexpected reason? Visitors, especially on horseback, were so rare, that I hardly thought of them, unless it might be Mr. Heath. So I turned down my sleeves, took off my gardening gloves, and came forward to peep through the hedge. It was Walter Ray, alone. Oh, what should I do? What should I say? for I knew, seeing him thus, what he had come for.

Whether he saw me, or knew by some sound that I was there, I can't tell; but he stopped his horse, and before I could glide away, which was what I was tempted to do, he called me by my name. So I had to come forward to the gate close by, and meet him.

"Are you angry with me?" he said, when he had dismounted and taken my hand; for I was so flushed and trembling I could not speak intelligibly, and half turned from him, to hide my confusion.

"Forgive me if I have thus come upon you by surprise. But I *must* speak to you alone, and when I come with Willie it is almost impossible. Let me go and put my horse up in the stable, and come and speak to you here—may I?"

Had I dared to follow my impulse I should have said, "Go, I may not listen to you; come no more, forget me, make my task of forgetting you possible—if it be possible still—try me not above my strength." But I murmured something, and in a minute more he was again beside me, and had drawn me, I know not how, by the mere force of his will, into one of the shadiest of the dark walks. I remember now, though I hardly heard them at the time, how the blackbirds screamed and scolded as we entered it.

"I am going to Australia in two months," he said. Then he waited for me to speak, but I was still dumb.

"Do you remember, I wonder, something I said to you, the first time I ever saw you, about Beatrice?"

"Yes, I remember."

"You do?" he said, smiling, as if pleased and encouraged. "Need I tell you, Bessie, that I have found the real Beatrice? that I have come to ask her if she will take Benedick, with all his imperfections on his head?"

I struggled for a word, but instead came a passion of tears, so violent that he stood pained and startled.

"No, no!" I sobbed; "it can not be! it must not be! Don't talk to me of this; leave me. All you can do for me is to leave me!"

"Bessie, darling! why is this? What have I said to pain or anger you? tell me!"

"I can not tell you. I am not angry; it is not your fault. But you *must* leave me; indeed you must."

And I turned from him, and walked slowly in the direction of home. I was furious with myself, so furious that I fear I was almost rough to him. He remained looking after me some moments in utter bewilderment; then he suddenly joined me.

"Bessie," he said, taking both my hands, so that I could not advance, "I can not leave you without further explanation. You did not lead me to expect this, and you give me no reason for it. Tell me *why* you refuse to listen to me. You owe me this."

"You know the reason," I sobbed. "You know I told you from the first I never meant to leave Willie."

"But Willie will leave you; I tell you he will! Oh, Bessie, if you care for me, if *this* is your only reason for refusing me, don't—I *beseech* you—don't sacrifice yourself in this way for an imaginary duty! Listen! I have taken you, perhaps, by surprise. I will go to Australia alone if you will say that if I come back in a year you will marry me; nay, two years if you prefer it. Will you say so, Bessie?"

"I can not! I can not!"

"This is your last word?"

"Yes."

"Then good-by! I will trouble you no more."

He wrung my hands till the pain made me wince, and was gone.

I never told Willie what had passed, or even of his visit; it was impossible to me to speak of it; and oh, the anguish of trying to keep calm and cheerful, and to appear interested in what Willie was telling me of the Rockminster news, and of the grand public ball that was to be given there. Ah me! to smile through the life that had become suddenly one long, vain, empty yearning for what could never be.

In two months Walter Ray sailed for Victoria. He wrote me a line first. Was the last word I had spoken to him final? I could but say yes, and the next I heard was that he was gone. I had to listen calmly and make something like excuses for him when Willie told me how he had urged him to come and spend at least a day with us before he went, and how Walter had constantly refused him on some pretext or another, wounding his feelings, as I could see, by this imaginary unfriendliness.

A year went by. I was now much alone, for Willie not only frequently staid in Rockminster for whatever gayeties might be going on there, but his friends often asked him to go with them on shooting and fishing and boating excursions some way off, and how could he refuse, poor dear? I was only too glad he should amuse himself. I felt I was, in spite of all my efforts, poor company for any one now, and he was always so happy to come home, and so full of all he had done and seen, that he was the less likely to notice the change in me.

One bleak autumn evening we were sitting by the fire together. As I could not talk to him now as I used todo, I had taken the habit of reading aloud, a proceeding which always had the effect of advancing his sleeping-time considerably.

But this night, when I took the book, he said, with a half-averted face, "Not to-night, Bess; I want to talk to you."

I laid the volume aside and sat down on a low chair by him, looking up expectantly.

But it seemed hard to begin, so I took his hand, stroking it down softly.

"Well, dearie?"

"Bessie!" He cleared his throat, but his voice was still husky. "Bessie, what would you say if I told you I was going to be married?"

What I *did* say I don't know. I only know that the first thought that came into my head was not about Walter. It was this: So he has been carrying on this affair, and brought it to an end—for I *knew* it was settled—without giving me the slightest confidence. Not a hint that his fancy even had turned to one woman more than to any of the many girls he had carelessly mentioned as his partners at dances!

But he seemed, now that he had brought himself to speak, to perceive but little the effect of his communication, and told me the whole story right through.

Her name was Charlotte Turner; she was nineteen, very pretty, of course, danced beautifully, rode better than any girl he ever saw, and was "so jolly." He believed she had a little money, but he did not know, or even care. Oh, how I should love her!

I felt much more, God forgive me! as if I hated her just then.

"But you'll never leave me, dear old girl," he said. "Whoever comes, I can't spare my old Sis. You and Charlotte will get on so beautifully; you'll be such company for each other all day while I'm away. Though, indeed, I don't mean to go on at Mr. Heath's after he's found some one to take my place. I shall come home and take up the farm again."

I can't bear to think of it or talk of it. I knew I should not like Charlotte, and, though I tried, I couldn't. She was sharp and pert, and evidently looked on me as a dull, dowdy sort of old maid, though, after all, I wasn't yet four-and-twenty. But dull and dowdy I may have been; I dare say I was; I had nothing to make me otherwise.

The wedding was over, and the honey-moon, and I made the old place as bright as I could to receive them. There were great fires in all the rooms, and the new furniture looked so bright, and the fresh papers, though, indeed, we had hard work to make them stick on account of the damp; and what I used in coals and fire-wood during that month I'm afraid to say.

However, the house, I'm sure, did look fit for the reception of any bride, and I thought Charlotte must be pleased with it.

They arrived just as the day was closing in, and, as luck would have it, it was a wet day, and the drip, drip was audible enough even indoors.

"Oh, what a state the drive is in!" were the first words I heard Charlotte utter, as she got out of the carriage. "And how you are shut in with trees! Why, you can't see the sun at noonday here, I'm certain! Law, how dreary!"

This was encouraging! However, I said, "Never mind; come in, come in; it's cheery enough inside."

She came in, but she didn't seem to think so. Every thing was "so odd!" "so queer!" "so strange!" Nothing was "so pretty!" I cried myself to sleep that night. It was the first after her arrival I did so, but by no means the last.

Why need I go on telling all the petty mortifications I endured, the small stings, the smarts without end she inflicted on me? I soon saw she had resolved, from the first, to make the place untenable—to drive me out by pin-pricks that should never draw blood, but that should sting and rankle.

I stood it as long as I could for Willie's sake. But the day came when I saw she had made Willie understand "we could not get on together." It was my fault, of course. I don't blame my boy—I never did; he was an infant in her hands, and she never let him out of them for an instant.

Well, I have lived here all alone for the last two years. I have got used to it and reconciled to it in a way. I have heard of Walter lately. He is settled near Melbourne, but not married, which I'm surprised at. Does he ever think of that day in the garden, I wonder? If I had but known! Ah me!

INTERESTING ITEMS.

A Minister in a Dilemma.—It is well known to all who have read the Life of Edward Irving that his prayers were unreasonably long. Dr. Chalmers complained, when he came to preach the dedication sermon at his new church in London, that Mr. Irving prayed over an hour, and wearied the people before the time for the sermon. The following ludicrous incident shows how this habit once brought a minister into trouble: For a considerable time he had what he called an early prayer-meeting once a week, which prayer-meeting was open to any who chose to attend it. The hour at which it commenced was six in the morning. Many Dissenting ministers whose duties in their respective chapels prevented their hearing him preach on the Sabbath-day, were induced, by their anxiety to see and hear him speak, to attend his early prayer-meetings. On one occasion the Rev. Mr. ——, a popular Dissenting minister, made his appearance at Mr. Irving's house precisely as the clock struck six in the morning. After a psalm had been sung, Mr. Irving requested one of his elders to address the Throne of Grace. The party having done so very briefly, another psalm, of the Scotch version of the Songs of David, was sung, when Mr. Irving himself engaged in prayer. The reverend gentleman continued in the exercise for about fifteen minutes without the slightest symptom of drawing to a conclusion. The Dissenting minister being at the time connected with a theological institution, had a class of pupils to meet precisely at seven. It was now within twenty-five minutes of the time; and as, after leaving Mr. Irving's house, it would require a quarter of an hour of the most rapid cab-driving to carry him to the place where his class met, so as to be in time, he became exceedingly fidgety at the circumstance of the reverend gentleman continuing so long; still he was unwilling to disturb the meeting by rising and leaving the room in the middle of Mr. Irving's prayer. He determined on waiting a little longer, in the anxious hope that the reverend gentleman would every moment relieve him from the embarrassing situation in which he felt himself to be placed, by bringing his devotions to a termination. The next time he took out his watch it was within five minutes of the latest moment he could remain. Imagine his feelings when Mr. Irving seemed still so earnestly engaged in prayer as not to hold out the most slender hope of concluding for a considerable time to come. Two minutes more elapsed, and still no appearance of Mr. Irving coming to a close. The Dissenting minister could bear it no longer, but rising from his knees he escaped to the door of the room, which was partially open, and made his way down stairs in the quietest possible manner. He had just reached the street door, and was in the act of lifting the latch, when a large Newfoundland dog, which Mr. Irving kept in his house at the time, sprang upon him, and placing one of his fore-paws on either shoulder, forced the reverend gentleman down to a crouching position, with his head against the door. The animal, fortunately, did not bite or in any way hurt Mr. ——, but kept him in the position just mentioned for at least five minutes, when, Mr. Irving having concluded his devotions, one of his servants, on coming down stairs, released him from the exceedingly awkward and unpleasant predicament in which he was placed.

Something Like an Appetite.—The *Patria* of Naples states that there is at present in the Hospital of Incurables in that city an old woman who is suffering from a strange disease. She every day eats at least five portions of roast meat, 70 eggs, several loaves, and other food, of course including a good quantity of macaroni. When attempts are made to reduce her diet she raves like a mad woman. Professor Zamoglia has recently undertaken to cure the poor woman, but up to the present time her appetite remains unimpaired.

Out at Elbows.—It is very sad to watch the gradual falling out-at-elbowism of things new and bright and lovely: the gradual decay and disintegration of what once looked as solid as granite, and as durable as the everlasting hills. For things as well as people get out at elbows; and time wears holes in feeling as well as in velvet and corduroy. Love and hope and happiness and aspiration all go threadbare, and fall into rents as the months pass on and winter frosts wither up and blight the last of the summer flowers. In the youth and heyday of our life our moral elbows are covered an inch thick with generous padding; and we scout as sacrilege the idea that *we* shall ever go ragged, whatever happens to our neighbors. Impossible that we, burning fiery hot with poetry and zeal, should ever calm down into prose and vulgar fractions—that our philanthropic designs for regenerating mankind should subside into trading on our neighbors' necessities—that our poetic flights into the regions of the beautiful and the true should end in the Icarian sea of the useful and the expedient.

Women in Armenia.—Until marriage, the Armenian girls go about as they like; they are unveiled, and enjoy as much freedom as they could do in European countries, flirting, love-making, and marrying to please themselves, as in more civilized lands. But once married, and all is changed. From that time until she bears a child she never speaks to any one except her husband, and then only in private. After she becomes a mother she may speak to her mother-in-law first, and after the lapse of certain periods to her own mother, her sisters-in-law, and her own sisters. She is always veiled, even in her own house; she never speaks to male strangers, and she seldom or never leaves the house. Her finery, jewelry, and ornaments can be shown only to those of her own sex; and in every way her seclusion is as complete as that of the Turkish women. On the other hand, the Armenian women seldom do any hard work; they remain at home while their husbands labor in the fields, and they enjoy, probably on account of their acquaintance prior to marriage, much more respect and confidence from their husbands than falls to the share of the Turkish wife, who, moreover, has to divide with two or three rivals the little affection or respect which her husband deigns to bestow on her. As the Armenian woman can only talk in her own house below her breath, that none of her male relatives may hear what she says, it follows that the consequence which usually results from the residence of so many women in one house, incessant quarreling, is quite avoided.

The Secrets of the Deep.—What has become of the innumerable bones and teeth and scales of fishes, that for all the years gone by, have died in the broad Atlantic? Where are the remains of the many ships that have been swallowed up by the waves? Where the gravel heaps left behind by the icebergs that have been melted in floating down from the Polar Seas? Where, also, the substances drifted across by the Gulf Stream and other currents that traverse the ocean? Nothing—not one solitary indication of all these, but in their place a fine, impalpable, tenacious mud, every where extending, and made up of little particles of carbonate of lime, secreted by countless myriads of animalcules, the food perhaps of whales and fishes of the surface, but more probably the sole inhabitants of those great depths which other animals more highly organized would in vain attempt to penetrate. Truly may we say that the secrets of the great deep are mysterious and grand—and that the search of them amply repays the labor of investigation.

Health and Study.—If, by gaining knowledge, we destroy our health, we labor for a thing that will be useless in our hands; and if, by harassing our bodies (though with a design to render ourselves more useful), we deprive ourselves of the abilities and opportunities of doing that good which we might have done with a meaner talent, which God thought sufficient for us, by having denied us the strength to improve it to that pitch which men of stronger constitutions can attain to, we rob God of so much service, and our neighbors of all that help which, in a state of health, with moderate knowledge, we might have been able to perform. He that sinks his vessel by overloading it, though it be with gold and silver and precious stones, will give his owner but an ill account of his voyage.

Superiority of Inferior Things.—It is a great comfort to the majority of mankind to reflect that inferior things are in truth superior. If a duke with a palace or a castle gains the magnificent he loses the snug. And to an average mind there is more real enjoyment in the snug than in the magnificent. You look at the magnificent for a little while, and then walk away from it with expressions of admiration; with the snug you are content to associate day by day. You could not choose for a familiar friend a man twenty feet high. You could not sit down by the evening fireside and read comfortably in a gallery two hundred feet long. I know a man who has an enthusiastic love for church architecture. It pleased Providence to give him for his own a very plain church. After a while an inexpensive internal improvement was made upon the east end of that edifice, at the cost of not very many scores of pounds sterling, which was successful in greatly elevating the character of the entire interior. What an amount of real hearty enjoyment my friend got out of this little thing! Yes, more than many a man gets out of a church which leaves nothing to be desired; more than he himself would have got out of that if it had pleased God to give it to him. When the young barrister, Walter Scott, devised and erected a little rustic gateway at his country cottage, and went out after dark with his wife, with a lantern, and surveyed it with great satisfaction and pride, don't you see that the pleasure he derived from that small matter was at least as keen as ever he derived from the grander decorations of Abbotsford? And the man of simple and moderate taste, who has a hundred square yards of velvety grass environed by warm evergreens, and fragrant in early summer with two lilacs and one hawthorn, may walk up and down a graveled path, not so long as a quarter-deck, and enjoy his domain more keenly than a peer enjoys his park of six miles in circumference, which is so big that one never can have a really familiar acquaintance with it all. There can be no doubt that very diligent cultivation bestowed on a very little bit of the earth will draw forth from it a most unusual crop of vegetables. So will prolonged and earnest contemplation of a little expanse of grass draw from it an indescribable amount of enjoyment.... There is a happy compensation in all this. For, as most people must put up with inferior things, it is comfortable to think that inferior things are in fact superior. There is a racy aroma, a peculiarly sapid twang about little things and few things which great things and many things want.

Only a Child.—In the afternoon I strolled into the burial-ground—a place I often visit. My old friend the sexton, with whom, at some future day, I may probably have a nearer acquaintance—when he shall be my last agent here upon earth—was occupied with his usual melancholy task, digging a grave. The old man is a philosopher in his way. On this day he was cheerfully smoking his pipe, and, resting a few minutes on his spade, greeted me with a contented, complacent smile.

"Well, who shall you bury here?" I casually asked him.

"Oh, only a child," was his careless reply, as he resumed his work.

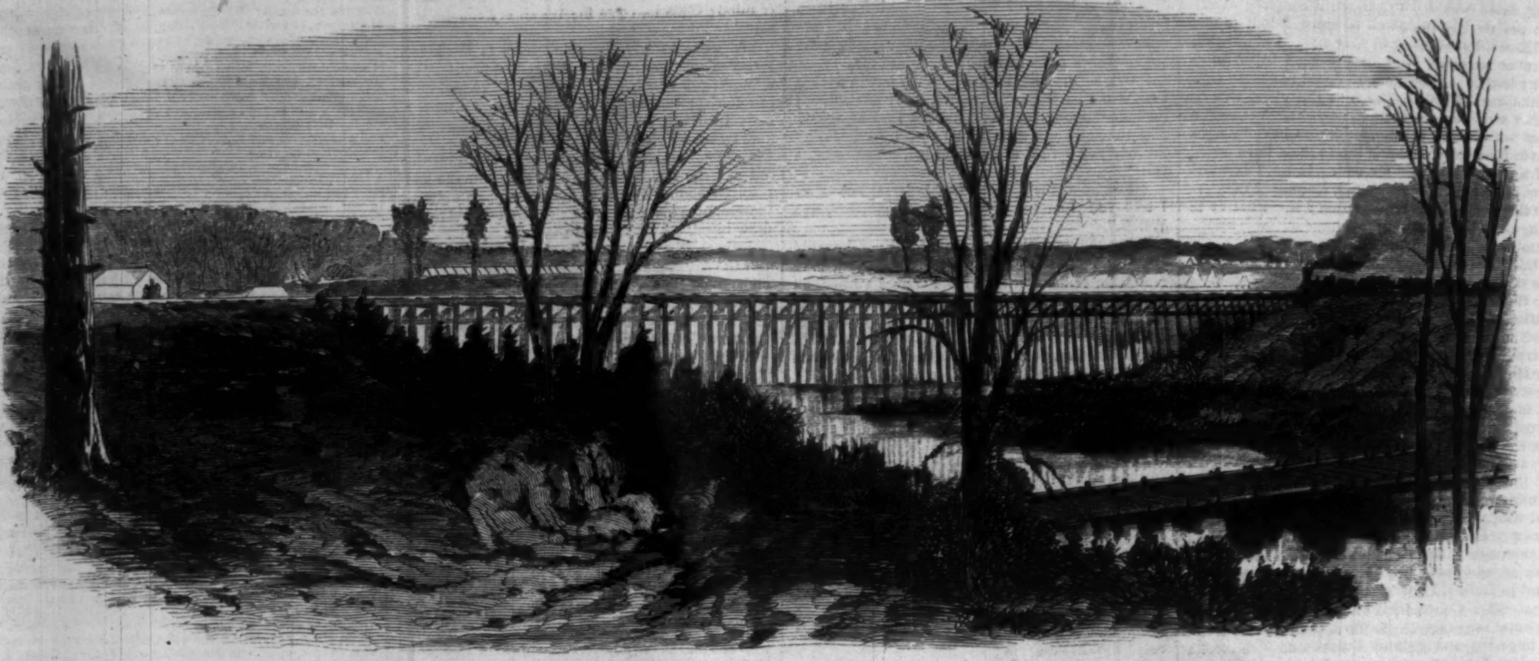
"Only a child!" thought I, as I turned away. "Only a child!" Oh, old man, you, who can so carelessly utter those three small words, you little know how significant they are. You know not how deeply a mother feels their sad import. You have never, evening after evening, bedded the little golden-ringleted head on its pillow, and watched the darling's slumber as its little velvety hand reposed upon your breast. You have never welcomed the first look of waking spiritual life; have not gazed upon that cherub face, which seemed even then to recognize a mother's love in that glance. You have never shed a widow's tears on that new-born baby's head, which, as yet, does not know its loss. Your heart, bowed down and inconsolable, has never felt itself raised up again by the sound of that feeble voice. You have never waged a hard strife with the world, never braved the pangs of self-denial, that your little darling might want for nothing. You have never fasted for its sake, and never in its innocent prattle found a rich recompense for all that you have undergone to shield that little one from want. In your breast the hope has never sprung up that that young arm may, at the end of life's journey, be the stay of your declining years, and that at least one eye will beam kindly on you, let the world frown ever so darkly. You have never formed plans in which that child has ever borne the brightest part; you have never known what it is "to have one, and one alone, on earth to love;" you have never known a mother's anguish when sickness fell upon her darling, when the clear eye became dim, and the little head throbbed with the heat of fever; you have never known with what untiring patience she bore that light burden, hour after hour, up and down the sick chamber, laid her hand upon the beating heart, or pressed the burning forehead, in hope of allaying the sufferings of that hour.

You have never known the wretchedness and void of a mother's heart when, after all hope has departed, she has bent herself over that child's death-bed. After all, human aid was vain, and the little sufferer breathed its last sigh, its feverish head pillowed on the fond mother's bosom.

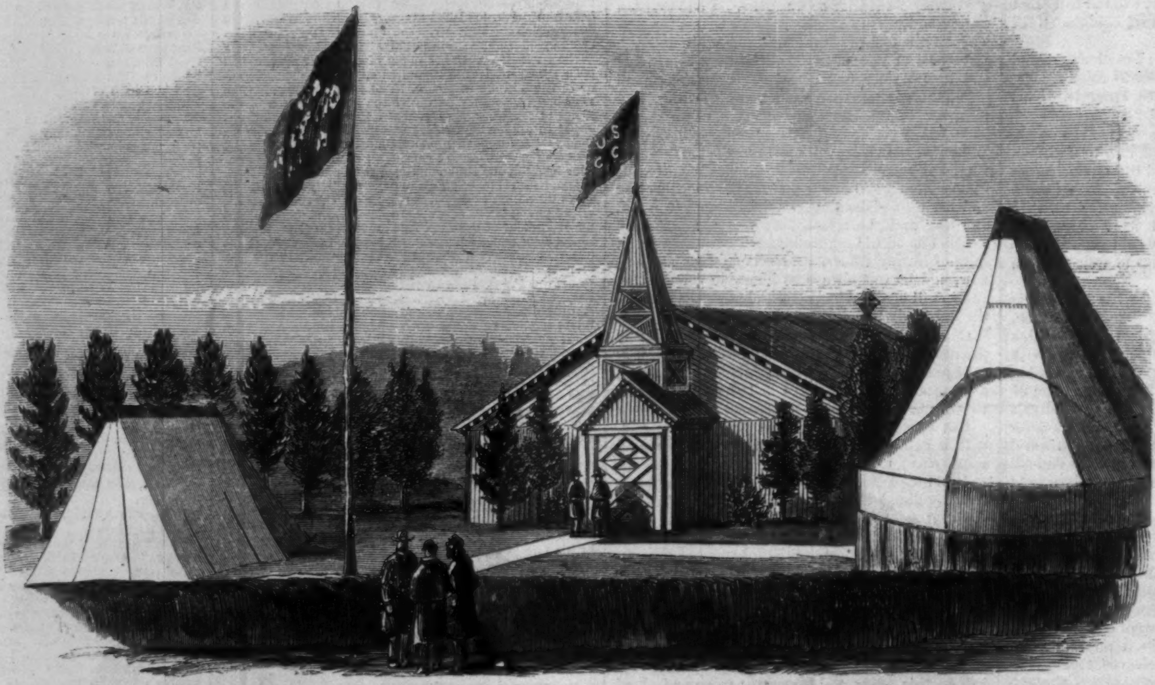
You have never taken the last farewell kiss in this earth of that child's cold forehead, as the coffin-lid closed over it, and the mourners were standing ready to bear their light burden to the cold and narrow chamber which you are now preparing for it.

No, old man, you have never felt all this; and well it is for you that you should never know it, else would your work be weary and sad. But if you had once felt it you would never have so carelessly answered, "Only a child!"

Five Guineas for a New Planet.—The elder Herschel was a man of kindly disposition; but like most persons who have risen out of early difficulties, he was extremely careful of money, and became wealthy. A traditional anecdote of his domestic life, however, shows that he could be good-humoredly generous on occasions. An old servant, named Betty, was with him at the time of constructing his telescope, and his first act on discovering the planet Uranus was to give her a guinea, adding, "You shall have five guineas, Betty, when I discover another." The poor woman accepted the promise in all seriousness, and great was her interest in all her master's subsequent labors. Planets, however, even by a Herschel, are not to be discovered every day, and Betty's hopes were long deferred. One day Herschel received a friend to whom he had previously told this story, with the exclamation, "I have paid my five guineas!" "What!" exclaimed the friend; "have we to rejoice over another great discovery?" "No," replied the astronomer, with a good-humored smile; "I have simply paid poor Betty in advance. You see," he added, as his visitor appeared puzzled, "I often pursue these researches long after the good woman has retired to rest. How is Betty to know that I do not discover new planets clandestinely, and keep her from the knowledge with a mean determination to save my money? Better to pay at once; better to pay at once."



BRIDGE ON THE MILITARY RAILROAD FROM CITY POINT TO HATCHER'S RUN.—[Sketched by A. W. Warren.]



CHAPEL OF THE CHRISTIAN COMMISSION, NINTH CORPS—EXTERIOR.—[Sketched by Andrew M'Callum.]

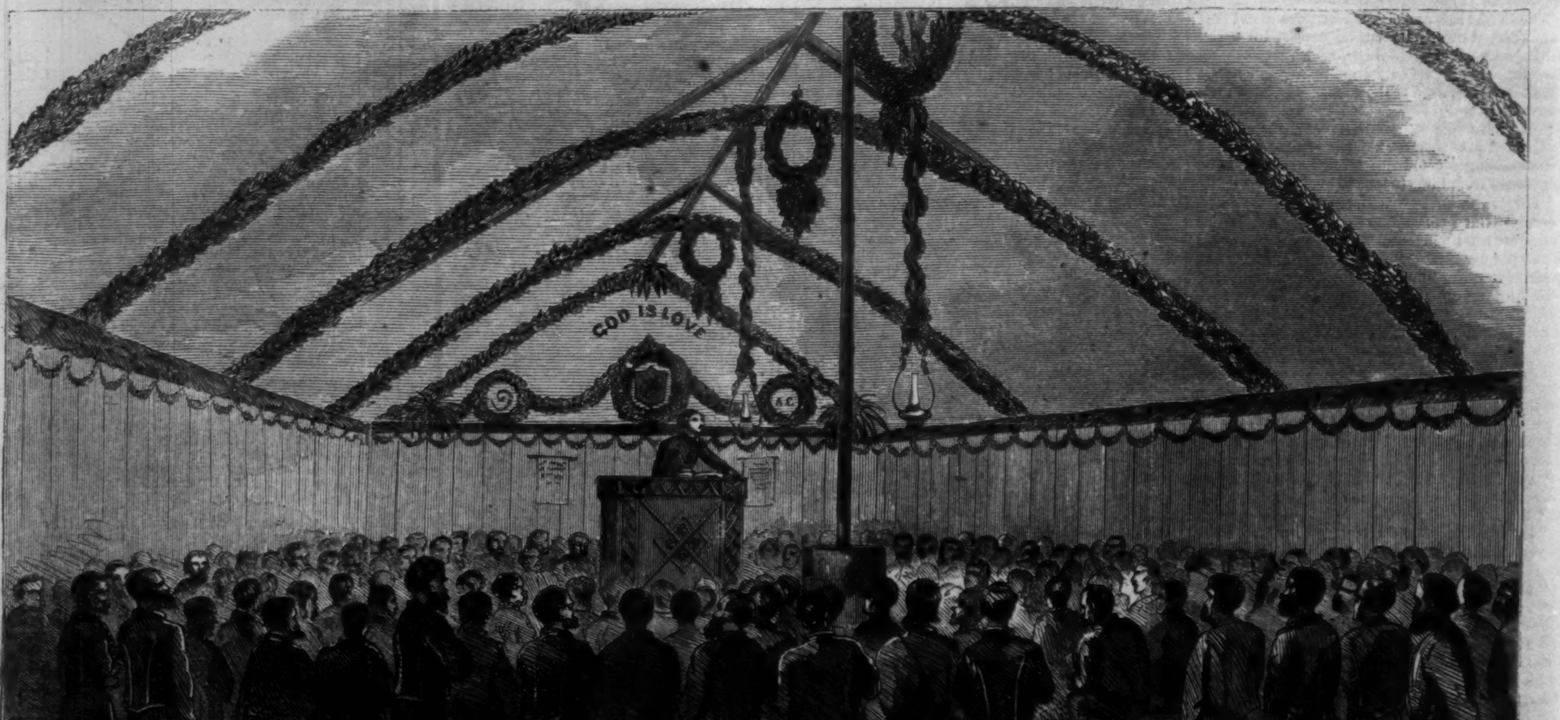
BEFORE PETERSBURG.

Two weeks ago we gave some illustrations of the Field-hospital of the Ninth Corps. The same artist now contributes sketches of the Chapel of the Christian Commission connected with that corps. We can only remark, as of the previous sketches, that they display the exquisite taste of our heroic soldiers.

We also engrave on this page a view of a Bridge on General Grant's Military Railroad, between Humphreys's and Griffin's stations, on the extension recently constructed to connect the lines at Hatcher's Run with those on the right. This view conveys a very faithful idea of the country southwest of Petersburg.

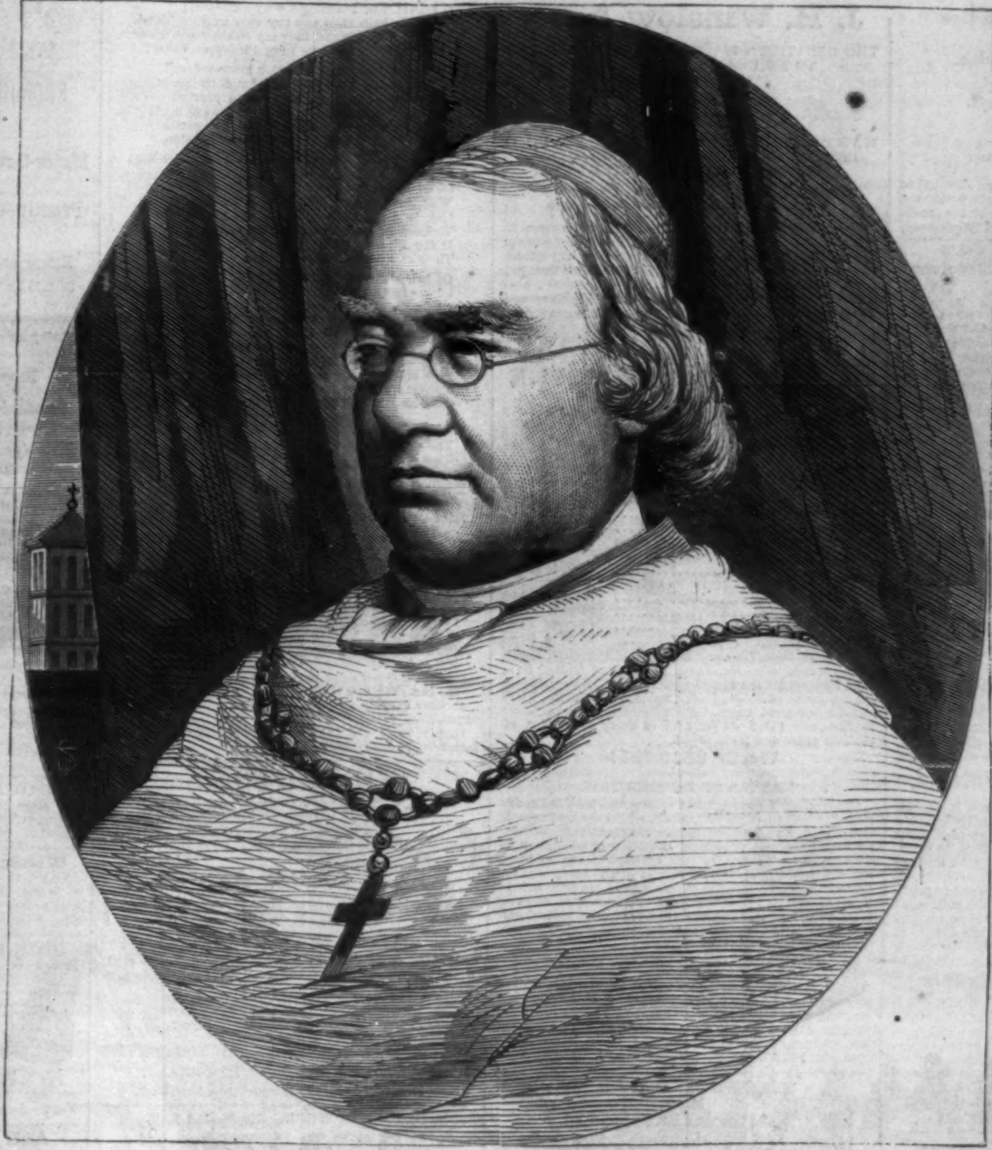
CARDINAL WISEMAN.

His Eminence Nicholas Wiseman, D.D., Cardinal Priest of the ancient Church of St. Pudentiana at Rome, one of the most eminent Catholic prelates of modern times, was the scion of a highly respectable Irish family, apparently a branch of the old Essex line, of which the present Sir Wm. Saltonstall Wiseman, Bart., is the male representative. Cardinal Wiseman was the son of James Wiseman, Esq., of Waterford, of the firm of Wiseman Brothers, merchants of note and high standing at Seville, in Spain. He was born at Seville on August 2, 1802. He was sent from Spain, at an early age, to school at Waterford. Thence, when about seven years old, he went to St. Cuthbert's Catholic College, Ushaw, near Durham, of which the celebrated Dr. Lingard was the Vice-Principal. In the autumn of 1850 the British public were startled by the announcement of the re-establishment of the Catholic Hierarchy in England. On the 29th of September, 1850, the Papal brief was issued; and in a Consistory held on the 30th of the same month, Dr. Wiseman was made a Cardinal and Archbishop of Westminster.



CHAPEL OF THE CHRISTIAN COMMISSION, NINTH CORPS—INTERIOR.—[Sketched by Andrew M'Callum.]

The new Cardinal forwarded the Papal brief to England, accompanying it with the famous pastoral from himself, dated from the Flaminian Gate, no prelate but the Pope, as Bishop of Rome, having a right to date letters or pastorals from the Eternal City itself. In addition to the archbishopric of Westminster, twelve other sees were marked out. A perfect whirlwind of indignation burst forth from the Protestant population of England at this "Papal aggression," ending in the passing of the Ecclesiastical Titles Assumption Act. The Cardinal was enthroned on December 6, 1850, in St. George's Church, Southwark. He then lost no time in endeavoring to throw oil on the troubled waters, by the publication of "An Appeal to the Reason and Good Feeling of the English People on the Subject of the Catholic Hierarchy." He continued in the peaceable exercise of his ecclesiastical functions, and often wrote or lectured upon matters of taste and science. His lectures on art especially, and his work, the "Recollections of the Four Last Popes," attained considerable popularity. The Cardinal was a poet and also a dramatic writer. His Eminence was not only a thorough master of English, but also an admirable linguist with regard to Italian, French, Spanish, and most other Continental and many Oriental languages. He died, after a lingering and painful illness, on the 15th February, at his town house in Portman Square.



THE LATE CARDINAL WISEMAN.

PARIS FASHIONS FOR MARCH.

EVERY thing in Paris is subject to the caprices of fashion, even to the colors selected for the attire of the different seasons; and if the chivalric sentiments of the present day required each faithful knight to wear the colors of his lady, the changes would be frequent, if not irksome. Just now the black and white predominate, for all gala and public dress, to such an extent that almost every lady's colors are those usually worn by every gentleman; and there might be some difficulty in recognizing these, but that the old custom of wearing "her color" has been relinquished.

The order of the day is simplicity united with good taste, a union productive of the best results even in these days of dressy ostentation, when, in spite of the gaudiness inherent in many of the articles worn, a certain degree of elegance is obtainable in their disposition and arrangement. Even with such a costume as that depicted in the third figure in our engraving of the Paris Fashions for March, a stamp of elegance may be acquired by the manner of the wearer, although we only reproduce it in the illustration as coming within the ordinary scope of our observation.

For indoor wear, the Zouave vest, in cashmere or in velvet, with the trimmings special thereto, are still in considerable favor in Paris. Skirts are made on purpose to be worn with these vests, as well as with the braided canezous, in foulard or in cashmere.

We may here note that satins are quite à la mode again, even for ball costume, the turquoise blue, pale rose, and pearl gray colors being preferred. The gray especially, either in crape or satin, has been particularly remarked at the recent *bals de la Cour*.

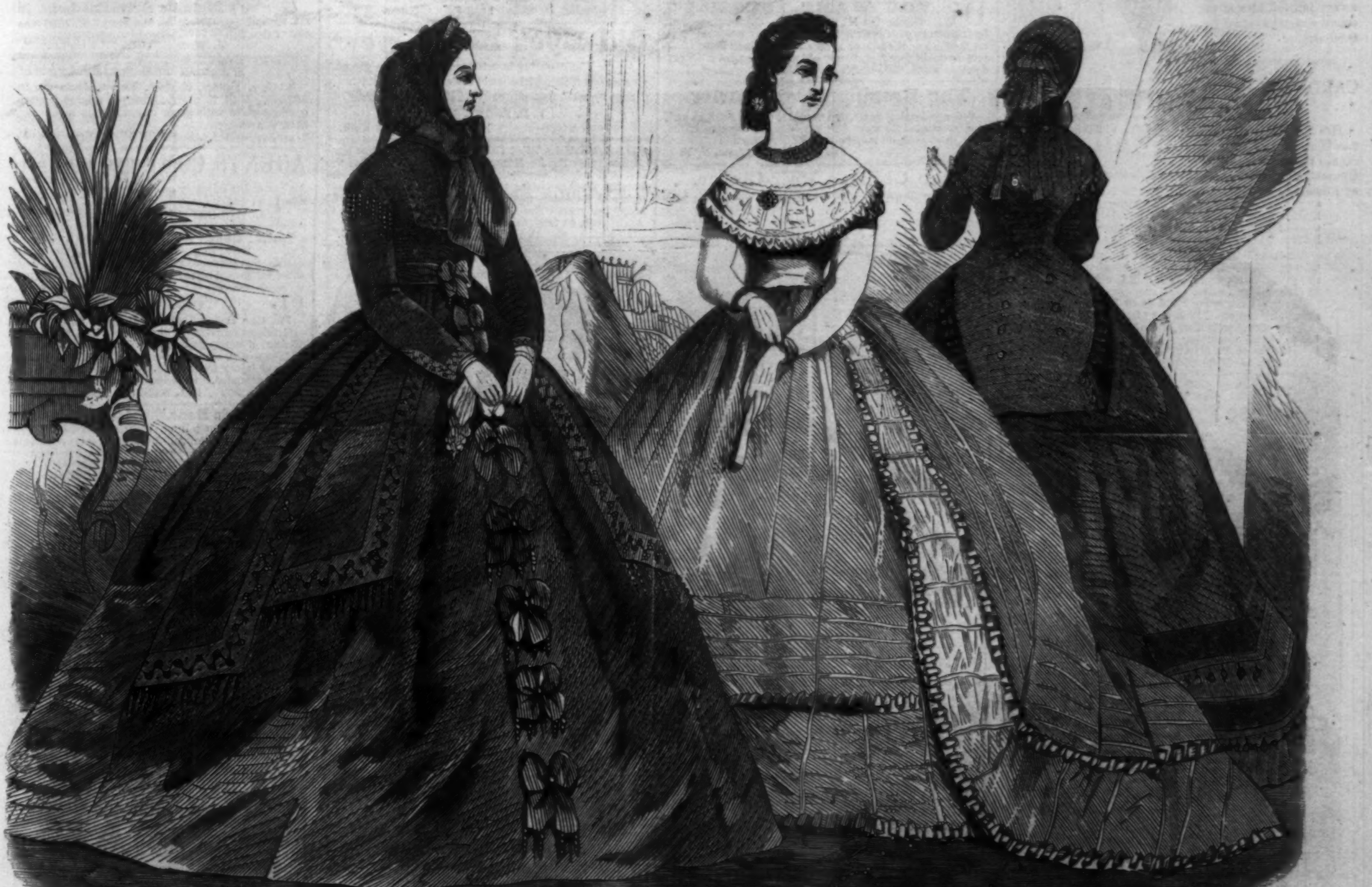
The taste for fur trimmings in rolls or narrow bands on pardessus has turned to account the merits of the sable tufts. They are particularly charming on black velvet vestments, no matter of what form. Where the sable trimming might be found too expensive, strips of martin fur may be employed with advantage.

THE ILLUSTRATIONS.

Fig. 1. *Evening Dress.*—Light gray moire antique robe, provided with a passementerie ornament fringed with light beads, so placed on the dress as to simulate a tunic. The bows down the front of the skirt, of the same material as the dress, are edged with two rows of beads. The corsage is ornamented in a similar style. Gray velvet bonnet *à fanchon*; a velvet band passing across the middle attaches the lace of the fanchon.

Fig. 2. *Ball Dress.*—White silk robe, ornamented with rolls of satin surmounting a flounce composed of upright satin rolls between two rows of white satin fluting. Over the robe is a tunic forming a sort of train, and surrounded with a flounce of plaits and bouillonnés very similar to the ornamentation of the lower part of the dress. The corsage is round, and the bertha is trimmed to match the other portions of this ball toilet. Pearl necklace, and head-dress of marguerites.

Fig. 3. *Walking Dress.*—Light brown silk robe, trimmed round the skirt with two wide bands of black velvet edged with small balls and surmounting a plaited flounce. The corsage-habit, or coat-corsage, is also trimmed with velvet balls and passementerie round the edges of the back-turned tails. Green crape bonnet, without bavolet, but ornamented behind with a profusion of magenta velvet ribbons.



PARIS FASHIONS FOR MARCH, 1865.

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Oh, mother dear! I had a dream,
So sad and yet so bright,
When, wounded on the battle-plain,
I lay at dead of night.
A gentle strain fell on my ear,
That made my heart rejoice,
So soft and sweet it seemed to me:
It was my mother's voice.

Song and chorus 35c., mailed, free of postage. Just before the Battle, The Jersey Lovers (comic), Sunlight within my Heart, Soldier's Happy Return, Mazourka, each 30c., mailed, free of postage. FREDERICK BLUME, 208 Bowery.

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The *Belt* size weighs 22 oz., and carries a ball 42-100 calibre (larger than Colt's Navy), and can be used with either fixed or loose ammunition. The *Pocket* size weighs 11 oz., and carries a ball 30-100 calibre (same as Colt's 4 and 6 inch).

These Pistols are loaded and discharged with only four motions—a degree of perfection never yet attained by any other arm. *A full round may be loaded and discharged in thirty seconds.* These arms have been adopted *exclusively* by the U. S. Revenue Service. Testimonials of their efficiency are daily received from the Army and Navy, also from civilians. Printed circulars (with illustrated cuts), naming prices, sent by mail when required.

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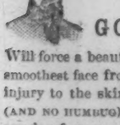

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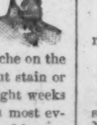

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To sing a song; and may my strain reach wider
Than others' who have sung Pineapple Cider!

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(Whose children look to him for daily bread)
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The poor from earning bread or paying rent;
For 'gainst all sickness this is a prevention:
PINEAPPLE CIDER is no false pretension.

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Can be dispensed with, and that all they need
To keep in health or get from sickness freed
Is the Pineapple Cider, morn and night:
To take a little makes one feel all right.

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Or paying an enormous doctor's bill,
Procure at once a bottle, and do try it;
It costs but little; every one can buy it;
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They are supplied by Mr. B. T. BABBITT;
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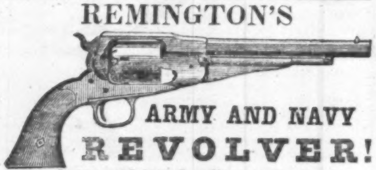

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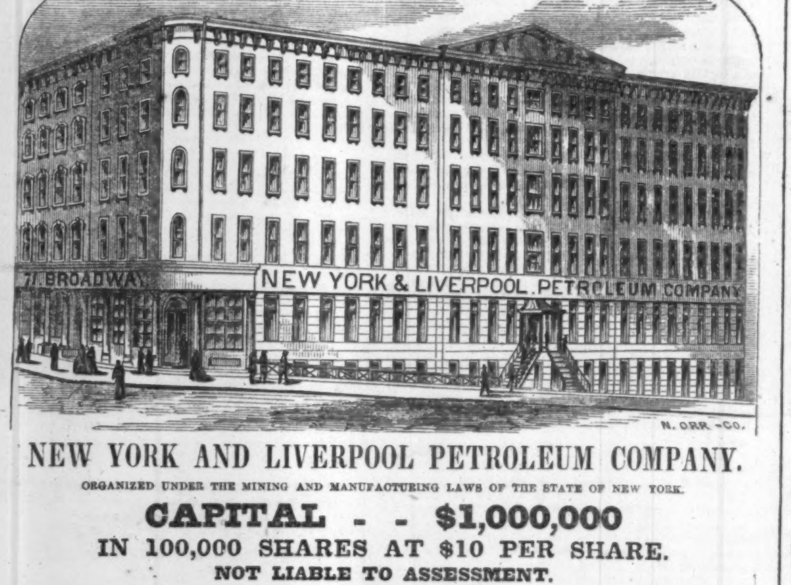
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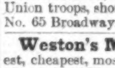

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WILL CURE THE ITCH IN 48 HOURS.

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Without regard to value!! Not to be paid for until you know what you are to receive!!!

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500	Gents' Hunting-Case Silver Watches.	35 "	70
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7,000	Solitaire and Gold Brooches	4 "	10
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5,000	Gold Pens and Gold Extension-Holders	15 "	25
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ARRANDALE & CO., Manufacturers' Agents, No. 167 Broadway, New York, announce that all of the above list of goods will be sold for One Dollar Each.

In consequence of the great stagnation of trade in the manufacturing districts of England, through the war having cut off the supply of cotton, a large quantity of valuable Jewelry, originally intended for the English market, has been sent off for sale in this country, and MUST BE SOLD AT ANY SACRIFICE!

Under these circumstances, ARRANDALE & CO., acting as Agents for the principal European Manufacturers, have resolved upon a *Great Gift Distribution*, subject to the following regulations:

Certificates of the various articles are first put into envelopes, sealed up, and mixed; and, when ordered, are taken out without regard to choice, and sent by mail, thus giving all a fair chance. On receipt of the certificate you will see what you are to have, and then it is at your option to send the dollar and take the article or not. Purchasers may thus obtain a Gold Watch, Diamond Ring, or any Set of Jewelry on our list for ONE DOLLAR.

Send 25 cents for Certificate.

In all transactions by mail we shall charge for forwarding the certificates, paying postage, and doing the business, 25 cents each, which must be enclosed when the Certificate is sent for. Five certificates will be sent for $1; eleven for $2; thirty for $5; sixty-five for $10; one hundred for $15.

AGENTS.—We want agents in every regiment, and in every town and county in the country, and those acting as such will be allowed ten cents on every Certificate ordered by them, provided their remittance amounts to One Dollar. Agents will collect 25 cents for every Certificate, and remit 15 cents to us, either in cash or postage stamps.

ARRANDALE & CO.,
No. 167 Broadway, New York.

What the "Press" say of us.

GREAT GIFT DISTRIBUTION.—A rare opportunity is offered for obtaining watches, chains, diamond rings, silverware, etc., by Messrs. Arrandale & Co., at No. 167 Broadway. They have an immense stock of articles, varying in value, and all are offered at one dollar each. The distribution is very fairly done—you agree to take a certificate of a certain article, enclosed in an envelope, and are not required to pay your dollar unless you are satisfied with the article, which will certainly be worth more than that amount, and may be $50 or $100. An excellent mode this of investing a dollar.—*Sunday Times, N. Y. City, Feb.* 19, 1865.

Messrs. Arrandale & Co. have long been personally known to us, and we believe them to be every way worthy of public confidence.—*N. Y. Scottish American Journal, June* 11, 1864.

We have inspected at the office of Arrandale & Co.'s Agency for European Manufacturing Jewelry, a large assortment of fashionable and valuable jewelry of the newest patterns. We also noticed a large quantity of silver plate, and understand that the whole of these newly-imported articles are to be disposed of on a novel principle, giving great advantages to buyers, and affording extensive employment to agents. We know the firm in question to be very respectable and thoroughly worthy of public confidence, and recommend our friends to read their advertisement.—*N. Y. Albion, Sept.* 3, 1864.

By Messrs. Arrandale & Co.'s arrangement the advantages must be on the side of the customer, for he has every thing to gain, and nothing comparatively to lose. He knows what he will get for his dollar beforehand, and he need not send it if he is not satisfied.—*N. Y. Weekly News, Aug.* 6, 1864.

EMPLOYMENT FOR LADIES.—The most eligible and profitable employment we have heard of for ladies is the sale of certificates for the "Great Gift Distribution" of Arrandale & Co. A lady of our acquaintance has been very successful in this way, not only in filling her own purse, but also in doing a good turn to those to whom she sold the Certificates, as will be seen from our advertising columns. Gentlemen can also be thus engaged.—*N. Y. Sunday Mercury, August* 14, 1864.

In our columns the reader will find an advertisement of Arrandale & Co.'s Gift Distribution of watches, jewelry, and silverware. In payment of that advertisement we received several sets of the jewelry advertised, and we are warranted in saying that, both in finish and quality, they quite exceeded our expectations. They turned out to be just what they had been represented.—*True Democrat (Lewistown), August* 17, 1864.

The *British Whig of Kingston, C. W.*, say, Nov. 26, 1964, one of our lady subscribers became an agent for Arrandale & Co., and by request brought some twenty articles, sent as prizes for her agency, to this office for inspection, and without hesitation we can state that each and all of the articles were worth treble the amount of cost to the recipients, and some of them six times.

We have seen some very pretty specimens of Table and Tea Spoons, Gold Watches, Ladies' Chains, Pins, Bracelets, etc., which have been sent by Arrandale & Co. to this place for $1 each.—*Angelica Reporter, N. Y. State, Feb.* 15, 1865.

Dr. Poland's
WHITE PINE COMPOUND.

THE GREAT AND POPULAR REMEDY FOR

Colds, Coughs, Hoarseness, Sore Throat, Croup, and Whooping-Cough.

Cures Gravel and all Kidney Diseases.

There have been many severe cases in Boston and vicinity cured by the WHITE PINE COMPOUND, which can be referred to, and hundreds of cases of Kidney complaints, CURED ENTIRELY by taking the *White Pine Compound*, have been reported by Druggists.

Among all the popular medicines offered for sale, no one seems to have gained favor like the *White Pine Compound*. This medicine was first made as lately as the spring of 1855, and then merely for one individual who was affected with an inflammation of the throat. A cure was effected by it. This induced others to apply for the same remedy, and *every one* using it received a great benefit. The article, however, went without a name till November following, when it was called *White Pine Compound*. During that month it was advertised for the first time.

Some time in 1856 an individual, who purchased a bottle for a hard cough, was not only cured of the cough, but also of a severe kidney complaint of ten years' endurance. This being truly *a discovery*, the fact was mentioned to a skillful physician, who replied in substance that the bark of White Pine was one of the best diuretics known, provided its astringency could be counteracted. If the other articles entering into the *Compound* would effect this, a fortune was in the Medicine! The *fortune* has not yet been reached; but the hundreds of cures effected by the *Compound*, in the most aggravated cases of Kidney diseases, including *Diabetes*, prove it to be a wonderful Medicine for such ailments. A large number of physicians now employ it or recommend it for such use.

But while the *White Pine Compound* is so useful in kidney inflammation, it is also a wonderful curative in all throat and lung diseases. It so quickly and soothingly allays inflammation that hoarseness and soreness are removed as if by magic. Numerous cases have been reported to the originator where relief in very severe cases has been experienced in one hour, and a *cure* effected in twenty-four hours.

There is a very natural reason for this. The bark, and even the leaves or "needles," of White Pine, contain eminent medicinal qualities. The Indians employed the bark of White Pine in treating diseases long before the settlement of America by Europeans.

A wash of the bark, steeped in water, is exceedingly useful in reducing inflammation and cleansing old sores. In fine, the virtues of White Pine Bark are known every where, and this, doubtless, is one grand reason why the *White Pine Compound* was so favorably received at the first.

The past year has given a great opportunity to test the virtues of the *White Pine Compound*. It has been an unusual time for Colds and Coughs, and very large quantities of the *White Pine Compound* have been sold and used with the happiest effects. It speaks well for the Medicine that the people living where it is prepared are high in its praise.

TESTIMONIALS.

A very large number of important testimonials have already been received from Physicians, Clergymen, Apothecaries, and indeed from all classes in society, speaking in the most flattering terms of the White Pine Compound.

Dr. Nichols, of Northfield, Vt., says:

"I find the White Pine Compound to be very efficacious not only in coughs and other pulmonic affections, but also in affections of the kidneys, debility of the stomach, and other kindred organs."

Rev. J. K. Chase, of Rumney, N. H., writes:

"I have for years regarded your White Pine Compound as an invaluable remedy. I can truly say that I regard it as even more efficacious and valuable than ever. I have just taken the Compound for a cold, and it works charmingly."

Hon. P. H. Sweetser, of South Reading, writes:

"Having long known something of the valuable medicinal properties of the White Pine, I was prepared, on seeing an advertisement of your White Pine Compound, to give the medicine a trial. It has been used by members of my family for several years for colds and coughs, and in some cases of serious kidney difficulties with excellent results. Several of our friends have also received much benefit from the Compound. We intend to keep it always on hand.

From JAMES J. HOYT.
BRADFORD, N. H., Sept. 1860.

DR. POLAND,—In the fall of 1857 I took a very violent cold, which brought on a very severe cough, pain in side and lungs, and raising blood. I was also very badly afflicted with that troublesome disease—the *Kidney Complaint*. For the three years past I have been very much troubled with my throat and lungs, choking up and raising an immense sight, with a bad cough after raising blood; I felt that my time here must be short unless I soon got relief. The Spring I was induced to try your White Pine Compound, though my faith in it was small. But to my astonishment, before I had taken two bottles, my cough was better, the kidney trouble also, and I could rest nights without choking up and raising so much. I have taken nearly three bottles, and am feeling like a well man.

I would add, that my father's family is inclined to consumption, my father, mother, and two sisters having died of it.

From STEPHEN BARTLETT.
BRADFORD, N. H., July, 1860.

DR. POLAND,—I had been afflicted with Kidney Complaint for a long time, and had a bad cough of ten years' standing, which caused me to spit blood quite frequently. No one of my acquaintances expected I would get my health again. But *two bottles* of your White Pine Compound have cured me of both the cough and Kidney Complaints. I would also state that a lady, a neighbor of ours, was so badly afflicted with a cough that she sat up only long enough to have her bed made, and we all thought she was going in a quick consumption. She took only *one bottle* of your Compound, and it *cured* her. She is just as well now as ever she was.

The White Pine Compound, advertised at length in our columns, is not only as to its name inviting, but is a highly approved medicine. Dr. J. W. Poland, the inventor, has the confidence of many who know him—a confidence which he enjoyed while laboring usefully many years as a Baptist minister. His experience as a sufferer led him to make experiments which issued in his medical discovery. —*Boston Watchman and Reflector.*

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Will be manufactured in future at the
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Under the supervision of
REV. J. W. POLAND, M.D.

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A NEAT SILVER WATCH, especially adapted for army use, in Heavy Double Cases, Small Size, *same as the above*, with Key, Case, etc., complete, and Gent's *Vest Chain, Engraved Double Case Locket*, etc. Sent by mail to any part of the army or country for only $8.

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